

THE ILLUSTRATED

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS

No. 193.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1877.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6*½*d.



MISS ALICE MAY.

RAILWAYS.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET RACES.—HOUGHTON MEETING.
CAMBRIDGESHIRE DAY, Tuesday, October 23rd.

FAST TRAINS conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class passengers, at ordinary fares, will run between Cambridge and London as under:—
London to Cambridge. Cambridge to London.
Monday and Tuesday, October 22 and 23. Tuesday, Saturday, Oct. 23. Oct. 27.
A. B. C.
King's Cross..... dep. 9 o'clock Cambridge dep. 7 o'clock 5 o'clock
Finsbury Park 9 8 Finsbury Park 8 15 6 15
Cambridge arr. 10 35 King's Cross arr. 8 20 6 20
A in connection with a Great Eastern train from Cambridge at 10.50 a.m., for Newmarket.
B in connection with 6.15 p.m. Ordinary train, Newmarket to Cambridge.
C in connection with the 4.22 p.m. Ordinary Train, Newmarket to Cambridge.

Return Tickets available for One Month.

Ordinary trains leave Cambridge at 4.30 and 7.40 p.m., reaching King's Cross at 5.55 and 9.15 p.m.

First, Second, and Third class passengers will also be booked from Cambridge to London by the return trains.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

London, King's-cross Station, October, 1877.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET RACES.

HOUGHTON MEETING, 22nd to 27th October, 1877.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES, Tuesday 23rd October.

First, Second, and Third Class Trains will run as under:—
St. Pancras. Liverpool Street. Newmarket.

dep.	dep.	due.
6.0 a.m.	9.55 a.m.	
7.35 a.m.	7.35 a.m.	10.45 a.m.
9.15 a.m.	9.10 a.m. (Express)	11.22 a.m.
10.15 a.m.	10.25 a.m.	
12.30 noon	11.35 a.m. (Express)	2.7 p.m.
2.35 p.m.	2.40 p.m. (Express)	5.0 p.m.
5.15 p.m.	5.10 p.m. (Express)	7.40 p.m.

Returning from Newmarket to Liverpool-street and St. Pancras at 8.9 and 9.0 a.m., 12.25, 4.22, and 6.15 p.m.

A FIRST-CLASS SPECIAL TRAIN will leave St. Pancras and Liverpool-street on Monday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 26th, and 27th October, at 9.30 a.m.; and return from Newmarket each day one hour after the advertised time of the last race.

A SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) for Newmarket, will leave St. Pancras and Liverpool-street on Monday, Oct. 22nd, at 5.5 p.m.

A First, Second, and Third Class SPECIAL TRAIN will leave St. Pancras and Liverpool-street on Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, 22nd, 23rd, and 27th October, at 8.55 a.m. for Newmarket; returning from Newmarket at 5.45 p.m. on Monday and Tuesday, and at 4.30 p.m. on Saturday. London, October, 1877.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE, GREAT NORTHERN, AND GREAT EASTERN RAILWAYS.

NEWMARKET RACES.

SECOND OCTOBER AND HOUGHTON MEETINGS.

On SUNDAY, 21st October, 1877, a Special Express Train will run as under:—

Manchester (London-road Station)	dep. 2.40
Guide Bridge	, 2.50
Sheffield (Victoria Station)	, 3.55
Retford	, 4.30
Newmarket	arr. about 8.15

Returning from Newmarket at 4.10 p.m. on Friday, the 12th, and Saturday, 27th October, respectively, and running direct to Retford, Sheffield, and Manchester.

Tickets, bills, and every information can be obtained on application at the Companies' Booking Office, London-road Station, and at the Booking Offices, Guide Bridge and Sheffield.

FARES TO NEWMARKET.—

Single Journey. Return Journey.

1st Class	2nd Class.	1st Class.	2nd Class.
Manchester ... 21s. 9d.	19s. 3d.	46s. 3d.	37s. 9d.
Guide Bridge ...			
Sheffield (Victoria Station) ...			
Retford ...			
Newmarket	arr. about 8.15		

* These Tickets will be available to return by any Ordinary Train within one month from date of issue.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.
London-road Station, Manchester, September, 1877.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE.—Direct route to India. Fortnightly sailings.—First-class steamers, fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified surgeons and stewardesses carried.

From Glasgow. From Liverpool.
OLYMPIA Saturday, Oct. 20 Saturday, Oct. 27.

INDIA Saturday, Nov. 3 Saturday, Nov. 10.

MACEDONIA Saturday, Nov. 17 Saturday, Nov. 24.

First-class, 50 guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow, and 17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel-walk, Manchester; Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; and Henderson Brothers, 19, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

THE NEW ZEALAND SHIPPING COMPANY (Limited).—Head Office, Christchurch, New Zealand.—Intending passengers to the Colony are invited to inspect the fine clipper ships of this line, lying in the South West India Dock, London, which have been fitted with every convenience for the comfort and safety of passengers. The fastest passage from the colony has been made by the Company's fine iron clipper OTAKI, viz., 68 days from Port Chalmers to the Downs. For full particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 84, Bishopsgate-street, Within.

OXFORD AND BACK.—The Passenger Steamer "ISIS" leaves KINGSTON, EVERY MONDAY, at 11.45, for WINDSOR, READING, OXFORD, and HENLEY, staying one night at each place. Fare, 20s. single; 30s. return; intermediate 3d. per mile.—Agent, Kingston, A. Moreau, Queen's-road.

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CAMILLE.

A New Poetic Play by W. G. Wills, author of *Charles I.*, *Eugene Aram*, *Jane Shore*, &c. Miss VIOLA DACRE, supported by a strongly organised company, will commence tour in August. Repertoire—*Camille* (by W. G. Wills), *Dreams* (by T. W. Robertson), *Faust* (new version). Opening date, AUGUST 27th, THEATRE ROYAL, NOTTINGHAM, TWELVE NIGHTS.—Agent, F. Haywell.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, Regent's-park, are open daily (except Sunday). Admission 1s., on Monday 6d., children always 6d. The lions and tigers are transferred to the outer cages of the New Lion House every day, weather permitting.

M R. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. A HAPPY BUNGALOW, after which a new musical sketch, entitled AT THE SEA SIDE, by Mr. Corney Grain, and NO. 204. Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Leonora Graham, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. A. Law, and Mr. Alfred Reed. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; morning representations every Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s., stalls, 3s., and 5s. can be secured in advance without fee.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, OXFORD CIRCUS. Novelties by F. C. Burpand and Gilbert A'Beckett in preparation.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Under the Direction of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti.

Every Evening at Eight. Conductor, Signor ARDITI.

ARTISTES:—Mdles. Rajmondi, and Celega, Mesdames Blanche Lucas, Lisa Walton, and Annie Butterworth, Signor Gianini, Signor Garcia and Mr. F. H. Celli.

M. Henry Ketten, Mr. Howard Reynolds, M. Antoine Bouman. Orchestra of 100 performers. Band of the Coldstream Guards, Leader, Mr. A. Burnett. Accompanist, M. Marlois.

Monday next, Verdi Night. Tuesday, Haydn's Farewell Symphony. Wednesday, Beethoven Night, when M. Ketten will play 4th Concerto in G Major. Friday next, Ballad Night. M. Ketten will play his New Caprice every evening. Refreshments by Messrs. GATTI, of The Royal Adelaide Gallery, Adelaide-street, Strand.

PROMEADE ONE SHILLING. Box-office open daily from 10 to 5. Manager, Mr. J. Russell.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Every evening at 8, AMY ROBSART. Messrs. J. Fernandez, W. Terriss, E. F. Edgar, A. Glover, Liogham, Douglas, Moreland, Brooke, G. Weston, Lillford, Morris, H. Vaughan. Mesdames Willes, Harriet Coveney, E. Stuart, Adair, D'Arcy, Vincent, &c. Preceded by SARAH'S YOUNG MAN. To conclude with THE CONSCRIPTION. Prices from 6d to £5 5s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.

Walter Gooch. Every evening at 7, MISCHIEF MAKING. At 7.45 Bryon's New Sensational Drama, GUINEA GOLD: or, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE. Supported by Messrs. Warner, Kignold, Jackson, Stephens, Haynes, &c. Mesdames Lydia Foote, Fannie Leslie, Illington, Bentley, Harvey, Mrs. Power, &c. To conclude with THE COLORADO BEEILLE. Bonnets allowed in Dress Circle. No Fees. Box office open daily from 10 till 5.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—

On Monday and during the Week at 7.30, AFTER DARK. Messrs. H. Sinclair, W. Terriss, H. Russell, J. G. Shore, F. Moreland, C. J. Smith, E. Travers, H. Jackson, &c. Mesdames E. Stuart, Hudspeth, L. Coote, &c. THE GREAT MACKNEY. Mr. E. Sharp, Miss Kate Seymour, &c. To conclude with LIITLE RED RIDING HOOD or HARLEQUIN GRANDMAMMA. Box office open from 10 till 5 daily.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. BUCKSTONE. At 7.30 the farce BY THE SEA. At 8.15, an original farcical Comedy by W. S. Gilbert, entitled ENGAGED, produced under the immediate direction of the Author. Mesdames Marion Terry, Julia Stewart, Lucy Buckstone, E. Thorne, J. Roselle, M. Harriss, Morelli, Harrison, etc. Messrs. Howe, F. Dewar, Kyle, Crouch, Weathersby, Rivers, and George Honey, (especially engaged). Doors open at 7. Box-office 10 to 5.

LYCEUM.—Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) as

Sarah Leeson, every evening in THE DEAD SECRET, from the novel of Wilkie Collins. Messrs. Clifford Cooper, Odell, Lyons, Bellew, &c. Misses Virginia Francis, Lowell, St. John, &c. Scenery by Hawes Craven. Music by Robert Stoeppel. At 7, MARCH HARE HUNT, concluding with SHOULD THIS MEET THE EYE.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—MR. HENRY NEVILLE, SOLE LESSEE.

EVERY EVENING at 8.30, A NEW PLAY by WILKIE COLLINS, entitled THE MOONSTONE, altered from the novel by the author. The new scene by Mr. W. Hann. The principal characters by Miss Bella Pateman, Miss Gerard, Mrs. Seymour; Mr. T. Swinbourne, Mr. Charles Harcourt, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. W. J. Hill, Mr. T. G. Warren, Mr. Robert Pateman, and Mr. Henry Neville. Preceded at 7.30 by GOOD FOR NOTHING. Special Morning Performance of THE MOONSTONE, on Saturday, October, 27 at 2.30. Prices of admission from 1s. to £3 3s. Box-office open from 10 to 5 daily.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

20th NIGHT OF PINK DOMINOS.

Every Evening, at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxenford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT, Samson Burr, Mr. John Clarke. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS, MR. CHARLES WYNNDHAM. Supported by Messrs. J. Clarke, Standing, Ashley, A. Harris, Mesdames Fanny Josephs, M. Davis, Eastlake and Rose Saker. Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

FOLLY THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson.

IMMENSE SUCCESS, Every Evening at 7.45, UP THE RIVER, by Hervé; at 8.15, THE SEA NYMPHS, by Lecocq; at 9, THE CREOLE, by Offenbach. The librettos by Reece and Farnie. Mesdames Katrine Munroe, Nellie Bromley, Kathleen Corri, Violet Cameron, and Granville; Messrs. John Howson, C. H. Drew, C. Lascelles, Dudley Thomas, Charles Ashford, F. Mitchell, Bedford, Clavering Power, &c. A full and efficient chorus. Musical conductor, Mr. J. Fitzgerald. Box office open from 10 to 5. No booking fees.—Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

ROYAL AQUARIUM THEATRE, WESTMINSTER.

EVERY EVENING, LIZ, THAT LASS OF LOWRIE'S, by J. Hatton and A. Matthison, supported by the following artists:—Mesdames Rose Leclercq, A. Grey, Marlborough, M. Pritchard, J. Bedford; Messrs. J. D. Beveridge, Carton, A. Matthison, F. Barsby, H. Chambers, J. G. Taylor, &c. Also, a comedy by R. Soutar, Esq., entitled, THE FAST COACH. Characters by Mr. J. G. Taylor, Carton, Barsby; Misses Marie Pritchard and A. Grey. Commences at 7.30. Prices as usual.

LOBE THEATRE.—Under the Management of Mr. E. RIGHTON.

STOLEN KISSES at 7.45. THE LION'S TAIL at 10. Preceded at 7, by £200 A-YEAR. Every Evening. Morning Performance Every Saturday.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees

Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne. ENORMOUS SUCCESS OF OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron, (88th and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Lestocq, A. Austin and Philip Day. Mesdames Hollingshead, Kate Bishop, Hollingshead, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.

EVERY EVENING, at 7, TIMOTHY TO THE RESCUE. At 7.45, FAMILY TIES. Messrs. H. Wigan, H. Cox, Grahame; Mesdames C. Dubois, L. Venne, Foster, &c. CHAMPAGNE: a Question of Phiz. Messrs. Marius, Cox, Mesd. Clermont, Venne.

NEW ROYALTY.—Miss Kate Santley, Lessee

and Manageress.—Every Evening at 8.30 Lecocq's celebrated comic opera, LA MARJOLAIN. Miss Kate Santley, supported by Miss Rose Cullen, &c.; Messrs. W. H. Fisher, Mervin, Beyer, and Lionel Brough. Box office open from 10 till 5 daily.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. Hare.

Every Evening, punctually at 8.15, will be performed an original Comedy of modern life, in Five Acts, entitled THE HOUSE OF DARNLEY, written by Lord Lytton (Author of "Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," "Money," &c.). Characters by Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Amy Roselle, Miss B. Henri, Mr. Charles Terry, Mr. Titheradge (his First appearance in London), Mr. A. Bishop, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. Denison, and Mr. Hare. The new scenery has been painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford. Box-office hours, 10 to 5.—Acting-Manager, Mr. Hare.

GAIETY THEATRE.—FIRST MATINEE

OF THE SEASON.

ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 3rd, BENEFIT OF Mr. J. H. Barnes, on which occasion will be produced a new version of "L'AVEUGLE" by Arthur J. Flaxman, entitled LIGHT! With the following powerful cast:—Messrs. Hermann Vezin, J. Maclean, R. Soutar, E. F. Edgar, C. Fawcett, and J. H. Barnes; Misses Ellen Meyrick, Agnes Leonard (her first appearance), L. Neville, and M. West. By permission of Alex. Henderson, Esq., F. B. Chatterton, Esq., and J. Hollingshead, Esq.

EVANS'S

CONTENTS.

PAGE.	PAGE.
North and South	114
Circular Notes	99
The Captious Critic	109
My First Grouse (concluded)	115
The Fandango	118
Miss Alice May	107
Pasta	114
Mr. Mayrick	99
Madame St. Clair as "Romeo"	102
"Le Régiment du Champagne"	106
A Neapolitan Festival	99
The Bower	107
More Ways than One	114
The Best Racehorse in America	115
The Officers' Divisional Dramatic Club	118
Athletics, Aquatics, &c.	108
Turfiana	100
Musical Notes of the Week	102
The Week's Dramatic News	103
Reviews of New Music	105
Principal Races Past	118
Answers to Correspondents	114

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Week ending Oct. 27.

Monday, Oct. 22.—Orchestral Band, Herr Schalkenbach, M. Evanion. Tuesday, Oct. 23.—Play THE COURIER OF LYONS. Herr Schalkenbach, M. Evanion, Orchestral Band. Wednesday, Oct. 24.—Orchestral Band, Herr Schalkenbach, M. Evanion. Thursday, Oct. 25.—Early Great Fireworks, Evening Military and Ballad Concert by Miss Anna Williams, Mr. George Fox, Miss Dickson, Band of Scots Guards and South London Choral Association. Play, LIZ, by Company from Aquarium Theatre, Orchestral Band, Herr Schalkenbach, M. Evanion. Friday, Oct. 26.—Orchestral Band, Herr Schalkenbach, M. Evanion. Saturday, Oct. 27.—Saturday Concert and Promenade, Herr Schalkenbach, M. Evanion.

Monday to Friday, One Shilling; Saturday, Half-a-Crown; or by Season Ticket.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

THE COMING WEEK.

EVERY DAY.—Wieland's Great Hippodrome (6d. extra); Maraz's Eagle Swoop of roost from ceiling to floor; Gelada Monkeys and other animals.

THURSDAY.—BALAKLAVA FETE.—Crimean Trophy; Great Military Concert, introducing Jullien's British Army Quadrilles, with Firing of Cannon, Marching of Troops, &c.; Choir of 200; Grenadier Guards Band—Mr. Dan Godfrey; Palace Band; Cold-stream Drums and Fifes, &c.; Mr. WILFORD MORGAN will sing "Let Me like a Soldier Fall," &c.; Assault at Arms by the Gymnastic Instructors of the Guards; Great War Spectacle; "Crossing the Danube" (last time but two), with Fire; Portrait of the late Lord Cardigan, and other Special Fireworks by Pain.—Is. Day.

SATURDAY.—Great Choral Concert of 1000 voices, Conductor, Mr. Proudman, and Distribution of Bibles to Children of Board Schools by the Earl of Shaftesbury; Special Hippodrome, and "Crossing of the Danube" (last time but one).

November 5.—PAIN'S BENEFIT.—Grandest Fireworks; Great Show of Guys; Huge Bonfire; Torchlight Procession, and a host of attractions. November 9.—Lord Mayor's Day; First Day of Great Race Meeting, 1,300 sovs added money; special attractions.

November 10.—Prince of Wales's Birthday Celebrated; Second Day of Race Meeting; Great Welsh Concert, and Last Fireworks of the Season.

ENGLAND V. MEXICO.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, November 8, 9, and 10. RIDING MATCH EXTRAORDINARY.

For Fifty consecutive hours, between LEON, the Mexican Champion Rider of the World, on his famous mustang "Tom," and and F. G. NEWBOME, the Yorkshire Amateur, on the thoroughbred hunter "TELEGRAM," or £500 a-side and a Cup.

Admission, ONE SHILLING. Commence on Thursday at 9 p.m. Finish on Saturday at 11 p.m.

THE EGYPTIAN HALL

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Having had their Annual Three Weeks Vacation, are now giving their World-famed

ILLUSORY ENTERTAINMENT

Twice Daily throughout the Year. Afternoon at 3; Evening at 8.

The Programme includes PSYCHO and ZOE, Mr. Maskelyne's Twin Automatic Mysteries. The sensational Seance in *exposé* of Spiritualism, in which Mr. Cook floats with the Cabinet from the stage to the ceiling in the centre of the Hall; and many other interesting items.

W. MORTON, MANAGER.

Admission 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s.

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The Jewellery Business now carried on at 18, NEW BOND-STREET, is the third oldest established amongst the Court Jewellers of England. It was first established in Bevin Marks, in the City of London, during the XVIth Century, was afterwards removed and carried on as a West-end Jeweller's in Hanover-square, and from thence to 18, NEW BOND-STREET.

Warrants of Appointment were given during the reigns of George III.,

George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria, as Jewellers, Goldsmiths,

Silversmiths, and Watchmakers.

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THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1877.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

"THEO," a love story by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," has been published by T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia. "Theo" will be in cloth and paper covers, and the author's name must secure for it an extensive and rapid sale.—*Boston Times*. Mrs. Burnett is also coming to the front in a line of art outside that which is most conveniently popularised by means of cloth and paper covers. She "will

avers the *Boston Times* "soon appear as a public reader." Mr. Arthur Matthison should write in. An elocutionary entertainment, comprising on the one part readings by Mr. Matthison from his last great work "Liz," and on the other of readings by Mrs. Burnett of "A Little Hero" and "Contempt of Court," would take.

IF The Bailie—a Glasgow publication—whose acquaintance (we are ashamed to say) we make for the first time is always as full of good things as the number of the 10th instant (which by the way contains an excellent portrait and biographical sketch of Mr. Archibald Forbes) the little paper is richly deserving of more than a local circulation. This is funny—

(Scene—Duke of Rothesay Hotel, 5 p.m.; enter three Highland farmers, newly landed from the "Iona.")

Waiter (smilingly advancing)—"This way, gentlemen, wishing tea?"

1st Celt—"Och, aye, whateffer for me."

2nd do.—"She'll tuk coffee for hersel."

3rd do. (who has travelled, and is up to snuff)—"Wheesht, she'll mak' a spoke for eferyody whateffer,—eh—Tea for you Tougal, an' coffee for Allister, shust so. Here, waiter! If you'll was pleese to procht ben—eh—tea for coffee, an' two for wan, hams and eggs in ta parlour for eferyody; an' three beds for each o' the shentlemans here enoo, whateffer forbye."

Waiter (evidently bent on swallowing his towel)—"Ah me! Yes, sir, like to wash, sir?"

3rd Celt (proud of his English)—"No senk you, she'll no smash her face tull she'll got her supper—put here! (handing over big waterproof) hing ta room door up on ta nail that's stickin' at ta pack o' ta pig coat whaur she'll be sleepin' tull to-morrow's mornin', and procht ben three trams o' coot whisky tull her suppers pe ready."

Nevertheless, we would earnestly enjoin the collector of "Monday Gossip" for *The Bailie*, to make himself quite sure of his facts before handing them over to the printer. When he states that "Mr. Clayton was married several months ago to Miss Victoria Vokes," he accuses that gentleman of bigamy.

OUR omission of the names of Godfrey Turner, E. D. Blanchard, and James Albery from the list—authentically supplied, by the way—of those gentlemen who had undertaken to rally round Mr. Henry J. Byron, and help him to bring out his first number of *Mirth*, was all the more unpardonable, because we might have known that no group of merry magazine men could have been complete without "the dauntless three." *On dit*, that Mr. Byron will contribute a paper to the aforesaid first number, entitled, "The principal Super at Home."

Kite. And what shall I do with the parson.

Plume. Can he write?

Kite. Hum! he plays rarely on the fiddle.

The above extract from *The Recruiting Officer* is commended to the notice of the numerous admirers of the Rev. H. Haweis.

THE proprietor of a remarkable publication called *The Scorpion*, sends us a copy, and requests a notice. Humbly desiring to be ranked with those inoffensive persons who would not "needlessly set foot upon a worm," we decline. If the proprietor of *The Scorpion* is not grateful for our forbearance, he ought to be.

THE smartest paragraphs in *Mayfair* are the illustrations. This mode of expression may sound like "a nice derangement of epitaphs" on our part, but a bad example is contagious, and—we have been reading Mr. Lucy's epigrams. Q. E. D. He tells us, amongst other things, that "the old proverb remains true, one may steal a coat whilst another may not look over the hedge." Should not that coat be a horse? Mr. L. wants to know "How it is that the detectives never manage to catch the burglars who, for a year or so past, have been reaping a rich harvest at various aristocratic quarters in the provinces? About a month ago they carried off a quantity of the Countess Hardwicke's jewels from Hamble, and a fortnight after the seat of Mr. Ricardo, at Springfield, was the scene of a rich haul, £3,000 being the estimated value of the missing gems and plate. At the present rate there will soon be a fair percentage of ladies of high degree who are far from sure that their jewels are not at 'mine uncle's' or in the melting pot." Who was it carried off the jewels, the detectives or the burglars? And, why put jewels into "the melting pot?"

NOTICE the grave circumstantiality of the following, which is cut from the columns of a journal struggling into comic fame, and which is one of the most familiar "Joes" of the good old days when oft-told tales were always laughed at:—

The week before last I attended a fashionable church, whose popular pastor is fondly supposed by his artless sheep to be a miracle of erudition and eloquence. . . . The Sunday I was present I noticed, during the sermon, a grave-looking elderly individual, with very piercing eyes, seated close to the rostrum (*sic*). I noticed him because he seemed to be listening with such remarkably close attention. The fervid but unsuspecting orator had hardly been five minutes under weigh before the elderly individual muttered, quite loud enough to be heard by several people near him, "That's Robertson." The preacher heard it too, for he visibly started; but he took no further notice, and went on with his eloquence. Presently, however, the earnest listener with the piercing eyes broke out again. "That's Tillotson!" said he, louder than before. This time the fashionable divine paused, and looked hard at his interrupter. But the latter had relapsed into listening immovability, and the other, biting his lips, once more proceeded. Not five minutes had elapsed, when, much to my amusement, the same old gentleman greeted a particularly eloquent outburst with a perfect little shout—"That's Blair!" he fairly screamed. A scarlet flush rushed all over the parson's face, and, leaning across the pulpit side, he said in a loud whisper, "If you do not keep silent, sir, I will have you turned out!" The grave-looking old gentleman kept his eyes fixed on his interlocutor. His attitude never varied; not a muscle of his face moved, or even quivered. But his lips once more parted, and he undauntedly vociferated, this time louder than ever, "That's his own!"

Talk of Felix Whitehurst after that! The same journal, on the same day, gave this tit-bit to its readers:—

Witness the crush on Sunday afternoons at the Zoological Society's Gardens in the Regent's Park when the reptiles are being fed. See the keeper with stealthy steps enter the reptile dens with a parcel of live ducks, rabbits, guinea pigs, and white mice for the afternoon meal of the obscene snakes and serpents. Observe the terror and anguish of the wretched quarry thrown alive to the slimy reptiles that, with horrid glistening eyes and distended jaws, gloat over their prey. Then turn to the faces around. Behold thin-lipped Lady Blanche and the high-nosed, sly-eyed Duchess, and the heavy-jowled, fair-haired matrons of Belgravia, who are not of the common people, but are here by right of influence and position.

How happy the tender-hearted writer of this beautiful language will be to learn that he is entirely in error, and that the reptiles at the Zoo are never fed in public, or in the presence of Belgravian matrons and the thin-lipped Lady Blanche!

WHO writes the reports, it would be absurd to call them criticisms, of new plays, which appear in the *Illustrated London News*? That is a question which the proprietor ought to ask himself, for we feel sure he does not know what fantastic tricks are perpetrated in the column devoted to theatricals. For instance, in the notice of the Court Theatre last week, we find the following sentence: "The best scene in the play (*The House of Darnley*) is one in the second act where Darnley in the presence of his wife, tells a parable, which includes a portrait of the seducer, and then putting on his hat, with a knowing wink at his wife, leaves the parties together." We have italicised the words which show one or the other of two things, both equally disgraceful. Either the writer did not see the piece and is criticising it in the dark, or he is so grossly obtuse as to miss the point of the finest situation in the drama. Only the crassest ignorance could talk of "a knowing wink," where the text of this wiseacre could understand it; and the situation itself both show Darnley's confidence in his wife, and make manifest also the entire absence of collusion between them. Here is a play of a great writer, the production of which is emphatically the event of the dramatic season, and this is the manner in which it is criticised in a newspaper of the position of the *Illustrated London News*. We say this with regret, feeling sure such a state of things only needs to be made known to be remedied.

THE dramatic critic of a London daily whines about the discourtesy of the acting manager at a certain theatre. Is not this very provincial, not to say parochial, the sort of thing the reporter of the *Little Paddington Gazette* would do, if he did not get as much butter to his muffins as he desired at a parish tea-fight? It shows the amateur, too, the man who, on the strength of a casual connection with the press, demands seats from all the theatres, and thus levies a sort of black-mail upon managers. Instead of subjecting himself to a refusal, why did not this aggrieved individual pay his money, and make no noise about it? Managers cannot be expected to admit everyone who goes about boasting of press influence, which is found on examination to be as infinitesimal as the grammar in the notices.

WE meet again—but how? my youth
Has died beneath my burthened heart;
And I feel I retain no part
In what the world calls love or truth.

No, Miss Florence Maryatt, that which you retain no part in is a knowledge of rhyme and scansion.

MR. MAYBRICK.

THIS gentleman, whose portrait from a photograph by the Stereoscopic Company will be found on another page, was born at Liverpool in the year 1846, and is consequently about thirty-one years of age. As a boy he showed considerable aptitude for music. In 1865 he went to Leipzig, and there studied harmony and composition for two years. He then went to Milan, and first under the tuition of Signor Nava, and afterwards of Signor San Giovanni, he worked hard in the study of vocal music; in the latter part of 1869 Mr. Michael Maybrick returned to England, and settled in London. He made his first appearance as a singer in the following year, and from that time to the present, he has, by dint of careful and conscientious work, gradually and successfully made a name and position, both in concert and oratorio singing, in London and the provinces. Mr. Maybrick, under the nom de plume of "Stephen Adams," is the composer of many highly popular ballads and songs, amongst which may specially be mentioned "A Warrior Bold," "True Blue," and "Nancy Lee," the last named having had an extraordinarily extensive sale, and most deservedly so. Mr. Maybrick's compositions are published by Messrs. Boosey and Co., which is certainly no drawback to their undoubted success.

THE FETE OF PIEDIGROTTA AT NAPLES.

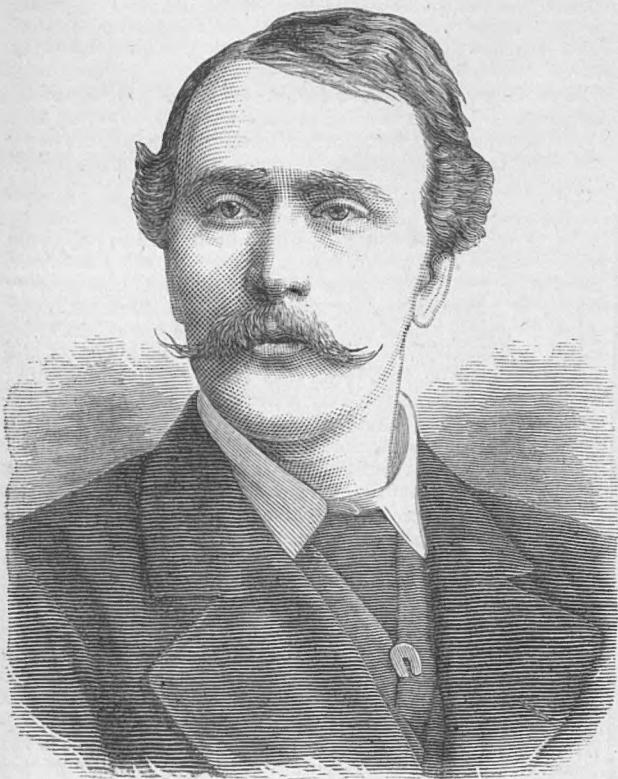
THE festival depicted on another page is one of the most popular of the outings of which so many are indulged in by the inhabitants of Naples. It takes place every year on the 7th September, when vast processions of equestrians, carriages, and people on foot, visit the celebrated grotto a few miles distant from the city. The whole cavalcade then assembles on the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, where the remainder of the day is spent in feasting, and the light-hearted mirth characteristic of the Neapolitans. Lamb, fish, and piles of figs and grapes, with wine in abundance, are discussed in the open air till the rising moon reminds the revellers that it is time to be returning to the city. Not the least interesting feature is the prominent part taken in the festival by the journalists of Naples, who join the procession in a special car, and in costume reminding one of the days of the Carneval.

MADAME DOLARO has reappeared at the Alhambra after her temporary indisposition. *Habitués* of the attractive house will be glad to hear of this.

MR. E. ROSENTHAL and Miss Beauclerc have scored immensely at the Vaudeville Theatre, Norwich, in *La Fille de Madame Angot*. Miss Beauclerc's Clairette, as well as Mr. Rosenthal's performance, were admirable. Mr. Nordblom was the Ange Pitou. He, as might have been expected, left nothing to be desired.

TURFIANA.

A RECENT visit to Cobham has shown us a flourishing state of things in that equine republic, which seems to have settled down into that calm state of prosperity associated with good fortune and good management. The establishment is much the same as



MR. MAYBRICK.

in former years, save that the band of distinguished matrons has received sundry desirable acquisitions, which must of course be effected yearly, in order to keep the concern in good working order. The foals are very promising, and though the filly element somewhat unduly preponderates, the quality of the colts will doubtless satisfactorily balance matters next June. About a score of the weanlings are by Blair Athol, who has had such a marvel-

lous lift through Silvio lately, and would-be purchasers need no longer hang back in doubt as to the ability of the mighty chestnut's stock to stay. The young George Fredericks and Carnivals will make their first bow in public next year, and should be well received, for while the former are, as might be expected, full of massive and compact strength, there is size and bone about the latter's foals, plentifully overlaid with quality, which cannot fail to recommend them to buyers. In fact we have no hesitation in saying that Carnival has exceeded the warmest expectations of his many friends, and those who choose to inspect Mr. Bell's nursery will fully endorse our opinions. There is also a charming Doncaster filly, and demoiselles by Blair Athol from Masquerade and his old love Coimbra; which will "fill the eye" at once. There is also a famous Palmer colt out of a Romulus mare, and a couple of fillies by King of the Forest, which connoisseurs will not fail to appreciate; and the manager can show a clean bill of health in every department. We should add that Wild Oats continues to give satisfaction, and as we have always "crabbed" the horse, so now we feel bound to state, in common fairness, that he imparts none of his own "legs and wings" character to the specimens of his stock we have seen.

The cry is still "they sell," and at Newmarket Houghton there will be a morning or two devoted to this kind of business, which we hope may be more remunerative to vendors than that transacted last week. On Wednesday, Captain Bayley sends up some racers, chasers, and brood mares, most of the former having earned reputations in their respective spheres. Spray and Azov are well known performers, and there is more good in Princess Bonbon than ever came out of her, at least since her two-year-days. The brood mares are a very neat lot, most of them served by first-class horses, and in capital condition, while the majority have had foals this year, and promise well for next season.

The private sale list is assuming larger proportions, when we find such sires and debutantes at the stud as Balfie, D'Estournel, The Rake, Bertram, Ploughboy, Coltness, and Controversy on sale or hire for 1878. The first and two last named are only beginners, and though Balfie is rather on the small side, he is altogether a better shaped horse than Coltness, who has been rather lucky than otherwise during the period of his service at Green Lodge. Controversy's only drawback would appear to lie in his name, few horses of doubtful parentage having made any mark as stallions, but Lord Rosebery's horse has so many good points about him that he is quite likely to be "taken up" by some enterprising breeder, and if looks are any criterion, he should certainly be a child of The Miner. We also note that The Grey Palmer, Tangible, and Chypre are candidates for headships of harems, and the first named is so good looking and so well bred that he should not remain long on offer, his claims to notice being immeasurably superior to those of his stable companions. Thorn is reported to be progressing satisfactorily, but there must be grave doubts as to his ability to go on "foreign service" next year; and a week or two will probably decide the question of his competency to join headquarters at Beenham, as aide-de-camp to King of the Forest.

Hanc, Macrine, diem numera meliore Iapillo, is a line which might be appropriately quoted in connection with last Thursday at Newmarket, inasmuch as weather, sport, and company combined to make it the most enjoyable ever spent upon the Heath.

Jannette smothered all opposition for the Breyby, and the Fal-mouth colours once more gladdened backers' eyes in the Oaks, though Belphebe was deemed to be capable of lowering the Heath House flag. Previous exertions, however, told their tale, or we should not have seen Verdeurette in front of her, and we do not consider the Cesarewitch form discounted thereby one ounce. After Mirobolante had won her race, "we can't be



JOHN HIGGINS, CHAMPION OF THE THAMES.

beaten" was the Bedford Lodge boast in reference to Athol Lad for the Blenkiron prize, and Captain Macheil thought highly enough of the Cobham bred one to claim her for 560 guineas. Miss Rovel cantered home for a small stake by way of overture to the great two year old race of the season, for which a field of twenty went to the post, the piping Athol Lad still retaining his lead in the quotations, his followers protesting that the noise he made was not roaring, but merely a "way they have in the



FIGHT IN A FOREST.

family," and farmer Jones would not hear of anything to beat his pet. Beauclerc looked beautiful as ever, but he is very much "made up" for a youngster, and quite a contrast to the Katie colt, of which we duly made a note at Epsom, and may be we shall "meet him there again" on the Derby day of 1878. A remarkably useful lot were to be found in Censer, Tiger Lily, Gaberlunzie, Polestar, Pilgrimage, and Lady of Mercia, though the latter is built on nothing like so grand a scale as Jannette or Redwing. Maximilian was handsome as ever, but though he was rumoured to be 10lb. above Strathfleet, he did not run like it, and we cannot believe this to be his real form; albeit there were plenty of ill-natured people to suggest "historical parallels" between this and the Morier *fiasco*. The yellow jacket was certainly the first to cry a go, and a good many were out of it soon after passing the bushes, where Birdie gave way, and left the despised Pilgrimage to go on in pursuit of Beauclerc and Katie colt, the latter running very gamely under punishment, though not nearly so "cheery merry" as the Northern crack. Touchet soon found out the weak spot in Post Haste; but people did not care to crowd the cords while Springfield and Silvio were being put to rights for the championship. Dreadfully rotten was the opposition to these two, consisting, as it did, of that "lurching lurcher," Great Tom, the soft Zuccherino, the currish Midlothian, the sprawling Thunderstone, and the moderate Duchess of Cambridge, with Hesper quite out of his distance. The bottleholders of each would-be champion were confident enough, and though it had got noised abroad that the big'un had not done well lately, the assertion was quite at variance with the straightforward statement of Mr. Houldsworth, who assured all his friends that Springfield was well and had done well, but he had no tackle sufficiently strong to take his measure. Silvio never looked better in his life, but the distance was considered hardly far enough for him, as it was deemed, perhaps, a trifle too long for Springfield, and so the betting ruled even. Never was there such a scene of sprawling and spread-eagling as they came over Bushes Hill, and even the easy going Derby and St. Leger winner "floundered" a bit as Springfield laid himself alongside, like a three-decker challenging a frigate. It was soon over, amid much cheering and excitement, and we shall await with curiosity the winner's trials over longer distances of ground. Moody upheld his reputation in the Selling Nursery; and then Trappist came out in something like his old form, though Cambert stuck to him well, and Lollypop was well up, Rifle and Nitocris cutting up wretchedly, though "Jennings's 'oss" was made favourite at starting. In the Cambridgeshire Trial Handicap Mr. Acton administered a Restorative to the King with some effect, Advance showing himself to be a thorough cur, thus bringing to a close one of the most memorable day's sport in the annals of Newmarket.

There was no falling off whatever in the sport on Friday, when Ecossais, at the very taking price of 8 to 1, carried home his rost 7lb from a large field of "welters," giving away lumps of weight to "all concerned." La Gitana having done a good turn to Captain Machell, passed out of his hands at a profit into those of Mr. Gretton, and the Prendergast showed us a ding-dong race, Inval at one time appearing likely to make things unpleasant for Childeéric, who can be no Derby horse, despite the *furore* exhibited for him after his victorious *début* in the July Meeting. This colt reminds us a trifle of The Earl in his general style, lacking the quality for which the Scottish Chiefs are generally so conspicuous, and being rather high on the leg and narrow to follow. Templar would appear to have turned over a new leaf, but people are in no hurry to claim such an "old thief," who may do Mr. Ellerton many a good turn yet. There was not much fielding against Hampton for the Queen's Guineas, though both of his opponents could claim certificates of staying, and it is to be hoped there is no truth in the report that Mr.

Hobson's horse is destined once more for steeplechasing, after he finds "no more worlds to conquer" on the flat. Nearly all winners stripped for the Juvenile Plate, but backers were not long in fixing upon the Ninna filly, who brought them through handsomely enough, the plain Catawba filly finishing second once again. It seems pretty evident that Jongleur's forte is speed, as he could not live with his horses when it came to racing in earnest, the uncertain Shillelagh finishing in front of him. Still we do not think Lady Golightly's defeat of the Gallic crack very

Isilia, dam of Clanronald, came out of the Middle Park Stud at its dispersion in 1872, and has visited Prince Charlie, to whom have likewise been allotted Hatchment, dam of King Death, and the beautifully bred Moonlight, by Young Melbourne from Fair Melrose. Happy Wife, is one of the old Leybourne Grange celebrities, and in foal to Julius, to whom Dahlia, a Duke mare, is likewise in foal; while Margery and Scottish Queen, both by Blair Athol, have sought the favours of King o' Scots. Lady Florence has been to Queen's Messenger (whose stock have sold well this year), and the rest are most of them due to Sylla, by Remus, who was a fair performer, with average good looks. There are also some two-year-old fillies, unbroken as yet, but sound and useful looking, and a couple of Julius fillies, which should command average prices, though both are late foals. All are in capital condition, and we shall regret taking one pleasant summer pilgrimage the less when the yearling season is once more upon us.

The last day's sale at Newmarket was but a poor affair, and Mr. Blenkinson could hardly raise a bid for his yearlings, most of which, we fear, must be parted with at a great sacrifice, or go into winter quarters at Middle Park. There was metal more attractive to buyers about the Highfield Hall and Shepherd's Bush contributions, and Winslow's Soothing Syrup should be useful in Nurseries, at least. Mr. Webster seems to be going in for a big stud, and is getting together some useful mares, and does not let the grass grow under his feet. On Monday, there was a large attendance at Albert Gate, to watch the sale of a draft from the Hilarious stable; and Bates ran up for the day from Newmarket to see the last of his old charges. They were not a very gaudy lot, however, and there could be but few pangs at parting, though most of them might rank as useful servants of the stable. The public, however, "bit" very slowly, notwithstanding the "without reserve" attraction, and only Coquedale, that old sinner Escort, and the very good looking and useful Perkin Warbeck were returned as sold. All these fetched fair prices, but Pilchard, who cost sixteen hundred guineas as a yearling, failed to find a purchaser. There were some other odd lots, but nothing worth making a note of. As regards the meetings of the past week, there has been little to chronicle, and the monster meetings at Liverpool, Shrewsbury, and Warwick are now the only events staring us in the face after the decision of the Cambridgeshire. Messrs. Frail and Co. have as usual secured capital entries for all races as yet closed, and so we shall jog merrily along until the last saddling bell rings flat racing out and steeple-chasing in; and, presto, a new set of characters appear upon the stage, to entertain us during the silly season, and to fill up the inevitable blank between the fogs of November and "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus," which inaugurates a new season of legitimate racing.

The Houghton programme is a monster one to wind up with, and if it only ensures equally good fields and interesting contests as the Second October, Newmarket will wind up in a veritable blaze of glory, the autumn meetings of the present year having shown vast improvement upon their predecessors. The Criterion Stakes is as yet the only unclosed race for Monday, and inasmuch as Jannette has to carry 7lb. extra, and appeared at one time to be doing her "level best" in the Clearwell against Inval, others may be tempted to throw down the gauntlet, such as Polestar, Fair Lyonese, Tredegar, Hawthorn Bloom colt, one of Count Lagrange's, and several other "foreigners of distinction," who seem very partial to this race. Prince d'Arenberg, M. Delatire, Count Lehndorff, Baron A. de Rothschild, and the Duke of Ujest have all nominations, but we shall once more rely on Jannette, mindful of the way she breasted the Ascot hill. On Tuesday we have the Home Bred Post Produce Stakes, which *Lady of Mercia* should secure, after her prominent running in the Middle Park Plate, and it is remarkable that these



MADAME PASTA.

much prejudices his Cambridgeshire chance, and we shall expect to see him run very forward on Tuesday, of which more anon. Thus was wound up one of the best week's racing it has ever been our lot to assist at on Newmarket Heath.

Captain Ray's brood mares, which come up for sale on the Houghton Wednesday, are as nice a lot as need be desired, and we take it the only reason why they have not blossomed into dams of good winners has been the persistency of their owner in condemning them, year after year, to such an admitted failure as Gladiateur. Since the death of that celebrity his former consorts have, of course, been obliged to seek their fortunes elsewhere; but many of them have been put to Sylla, a French bred horse lately standing at Brick House—an alliance which will, we fear, be reckoned a drawback in the eyes of breeders for sale. Taken as a collection, however, the Brick House mares may be described as a well bred, handsome, and mostly youthful lot, with the advantage of having been well looked after; and there is plenty of time for them to make reputations.



SCENE FROM "MORE WAYS THAN ONE," AT THE HOLBORN AMPHITHEATRE.

rich sweepstakes have furnished good sport this autumn, in place of resulting in the melancholy "w.o." usually experienced in the case of these expensive luxuries. Deferring our notice of the Cambridgeshire until the last, we find ourselves confronted by three closed races on the Wednesday, and shall assign to *Hydromel*, the home bred Foal Post Stakes; to *Caledonia* (or The Spark, if recovered from his recent illness,) the Cheveley Stakes, and to the Katie colt a Criterion Course 50 sov. Sweepstakes. In the Thursday Home Bred Sweepstakes let us be represented by *Hydromel*, in the Troy by *Hollandaise* or Red Hazard, and in a Free Handicap by *Placida*, who may have most to fear from *Touche*. On Friday *Lohengrin* should be best in the Glasgow, *Pilgrimage* in a Post Sweepstakes, and *Springfield* in the All Aged Stakes; but we cannot so confidently plump for Mr. Houldsworth's crack in the Jockey Club Cup, and rather expect to hear of him being troubled by *Skylark*.

The Dewhurst Plate promises to be a "dim shadow" of the great Blenker Prize, with the omission of Beauclerc's name. Both Katie colt and Pilgrimage are, however, engaged; and the others which may "move for a new trial" are Athol Lad, Lady of Mercia, and Censer; while fresh elements will be discovered in Jannette, and Cyprus or Strathfleet. Maximilian will hardly "cut in" again, but Mr. Houldsworth may be represented, and a fair field be got together for the last important two-year-old prize of the season, which should fall to *Jannette*, the improving Katie colt notwithstanding.

Speculation on the Cambridgeshire has been hardly so spirited as usual, so many of the likely Cesarewitch horses having stopped the way, but we are likely to have the usual monster field, and a quick rise in the betting thermometer "at the Post." Hilarious must hold his own, barring accidents, for his speed served him as well in the Cesarewitch as his undoubted stamina, and we cannot think the extra weight will put him out of the first three. Manceuvre is undoubtedly a most genuine candidate, but she may not like the Criterion Hill so well as the Doncaster Flat, and we have over and over again noticed that the sons and daughters of Lord Clifden, whose conformation was similar to that of their sire, have mostly shone on tracks requiring less negotiation than the Cambridgeshire finish. Besides, what are we to say about the mistake made in Zucchero's case, and the assertion that he was better than the mare? For Rosy Cross we have a very great *penchant*, both in her latest public form and because she is particularly well adapted to the steep gradients at the "top of the town." She has a nice racing weight, and can surely be trusted to take care of Shillelagh, Macaroon, Avontes, Sign Manual, Warrior, and Sunray, of which lot the last-named is not only the most consistent runner, but the best stayer, as she proved at York, when she might have been closer up with Lady Golightly but for having been "struck into" the day before, and very much cut about the hocks. Still, we cannot regard her in the light of a winner, and must pass on to consider the claims of others, only noticing Sidonia by the way, to state our disbelief in his capability to win his maiden race in such good company. Belphebe is altogether too uncertain to trust again, and though Jongleur may show formidably a furlong from home, we shall not stand him at the weight against certain of his equals in age. At present the three-year-olds appear to be having things very much their own way in the betting, and among them we must not fail to notice Palm Flower, who, like many others of her sex, has come round to the excellent form shown in her two year old days, and is the most dangerous outsider in the race at the time of writing. Among the older horses Footstep has been leniently treated, but is at present kept out in the cold by Manceuvre, to whom we consider her quite capable of presenting the 10lb. at which they are handicapped, as the See-Saws seem to exhibit the fondness of their sire for a severe finish, as at Ascot and Newmarket. Petrarch has plenty of weight, and is, moreover, not always "i' the vein;" and no move has yet been made in favour of any of Goater's lot, though it seems highly probable that something will be smartly backed at last. Of the French lot we know nothing, but if Hopbloom comes fit and well to the post he is as likely as not to repeat his last year's performance, and he should not be allowed to run entirely loose. Mr. Jardine's horse did us good service in the Cesarewitch, and as it always pays to stand by good performers, we shall not altogether desert him, but divide our vote between

ROSY CROSS and HILARIOUS,

Believing that *Palm Flower* will be close up at the finish, if she does not actually succeed in cutting down our champions.

Thursday Morning.

SKYLARK.

MADAME ST. CLAIRE AND MISS BLANCHE LUCAN.

Madame St. Claire, the lady who has managed this very elegant theatre for upwards of twelve months with great enterprise, energy and liberality, took her first benefit on Monday night, when *Romeo and Juliet*, mounted with great elegance and careful completeness as regards picturesque costumes, new and well designed scenery and general stage arrangements, was produced, and has been repeated during the week. The selection of Shakespeare's highly poetical tragedy, even indifferently supported, may be tolerated on the occasion of a benefit, when the *beneficiaire* desires to gratify a laudable ambition of essaying the part of the love-sick Romeo, and introducing a novice in the character of Juliet—but in the present instance, it is a pity that such evident lavish outlay has been gone to in the mounting, with a view to a run, of a play far beyond the capabilities of Madame St. Claire's company. With the exception of Madame St. Claire, whose first essay as Romeo was commendable for the intelligence, care, and earnestness she displayed, and of Mr. H. Clifford and Miss Plowden, who were fairly good, respectively as Friar Lawrence and the Nurse, little can be said in favour of the exponents of the other characters. The representative of Juliet (Miss Blanche Lucan), proved beyond a doubt that it was her first appearance on any stage.

ON Monday afternoon the draw in connection with the Lurgan Open Coursing Meeting, took place in the Courthouse, Lurgan. There was a large attendance of coursers from various parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Mr. G. F. Wise, of Cork, presided, and the three events, namely, the Brownlow Cup, for sixty-four greyhounds of all ages; the Raughlan Stakes, for sixty-four dog puppies; and the Derrymacash Stakes, for sixty-four bitch puppies, were drawn for. The usual dinner took place in the evening, at the Lurgan Town Hall, Mr. J. B. Hornby presiding. Coursing commenced on Raughlan meadows, on Tuesday and was to be continued on Friday.

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MUSIC.

COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.

Messrs. A. and S. Gatti may be congratulated on the success which has attended their concerts throughout the current season, and on the good taste which has almost uniformly been exhibited in their musical arrangements. Aided by Signor Arditi, they have presented a copious variety of musical works, and have provided for the entertainment of all classes of amateurs by turns. They are specially entitled to recognition from English musicians for the interesting "Sterndale Bennett Concert" given last week, when the following selection from the works of the lamented master was provided. Overture "Paradise and the Peri;" song, "Gentle Zephyr" (Miss Lisa Walton); soli pianoforte, "Impromptu" and "4th Study" (M. Henri Ketten); overture, "The Wood Nymph;" song, "Tis Jolly to Hunt" (Mr. F. H. Celli); pianoforte concerto in F minor (M. Henri Ketten); song, "Castle Gordon" (Miss Walton); and the symphony in G minor. The two delightful overtures and the symphony were admirably executed. M. Ketten's reading of the concerto was able and sympathetic, although not always in conformity with recognised traditions. The vocal music was well sung by Miss Lisa Walton and Mr. F. H. Celli, and Signor Arditi conducted with zeal and ability. The usual Ballad Concert was given yesterday week, and a miscellaneous concert on Saturday. Haydn's "Farewell" symphony was repeated on Tuesday last, and on Wednesday another "Wagner Concert" was given. The poverty of the Wagnerian repertory was exhibited on this occasion, when it was found necessary to repeat pieces which had already done service at two preceding "Wagner" concerts. Selections from *Der Meistersinger*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and the *Nibelungen Ring* were presented to an audience which rather endured than enjoyed the banquet which was spread for them, and passively submitted to the tyranny of a small but persistent minority, who frantically demanded the repetition of the "Walküren Ritt," and other equally unintelligible revelations of the Wagnerian *geist*. We venture to predict that there will be no more "Wagner Concerts" at Covent Garden this year. They do not pay. The "English Ballad Concerts" pay better. Next Wednesday's "Beethoven Concert" will pay better. Richard Wagner had a fair innings last summer at the Albert Hall. He selected his band, his singers, and his programme—and effectually disenchanted the *dilettante* admirers who had adored him at a distance, but found him terribly tedious in a *tête-à-tête* of three hours. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, can hold us in sweet converse for many an hour, and still find fresh things to say; but this loud-mouthed talker can only repeat himself. That he has merits no one will deny, but his merits and his pretensions are incommensurable. A frog may have claims to respect, but when it tries to puff itself out to the size of an ox, the most charitable spectator must needs laugh at the inevitable collapse. Exit Wagner. Enter Beethoven and his Pastoral Symphony on Wednesday next.

ROYALTY THEATRE. "LA MARJOLAINE."

M. CHARLES LECOCQ has returned, as "ou en revient toujours," to his first love; *opéra-bouffe*, impure and simple. The hopes of his accession to the cause of legitimate comic opera, which had been encouraged by his *Prés St. Gervais*, have proved futile; the composer of *Fleur de Thé* produces a fitting pendant to that licentious work in *La Marjolaine*, and enters the ranks of those ignoble writers who pander to vice and folly, who discard legitimate aims and lofty ambition, who help to stimulate the baser instincts of mankind, and are content to earn emphatically "filthy" lucre by wasting on "leg" pieces the talents which might have contributed to the intellectual and innocent recreation of their contemporaries, and conferred upon themselves a lasting renown. There is a Nemesis for such offenders. They become the like of that which they feed on. Writing down to the level which should have been immeasurably beneath them, they eventually become incapable of soaring to loftier heights; high art and *opéra-bouffe* are incongruous and irreconcileable; the resources of dance-rhythms are soon exhausted; originality gives place to eccentricity; and, sooner or later, the debased genius becomes identified with common-place and vulgarity. From that abyss no traveller returns, and although the fallen one may find consolation in pecuniary gain, it must be embittered by the loss of self-respect. M. Lecocq's genius is undeniable, and it must surely have been with a sense of bitter degradation that he consented to waste it upon such a libretto as that of *La Marjolaine*, which is absolute filth, endurable only by those whose sense of decency has been obliterated. In its original form, it would have been impossible to produce the work in London, and when it became known that an English adaptation had been made by Mr. Sutherland Edwards, it was felt that in the hands of a writer so refined and accomplished, all that was worth having would be preserved, and all offensive matter would be discarded. Mr. Edwards has discharged a disagreeable task with remarkable ability, and his version presents an amusing and clearly told plot, which is free from positively objectionable characteristics, although it may be condemned by those who know the original, and persist in filling up, from their recollections of it, the *lacune* which are due to the good taste of the English adapter. For one or two *double entendres* introduced by certain members of the company we believe he is not responsible, and the sooner they are omitted the better. The plot of the English version may be briefly told as follows:—Marjolaine (*Anglice* "sweet marjoram") a peasant maiden who has gained the annual "prize of virtue" in seven successive years, is married by Baron Palamède (Mr. Lionel Brough) an effete old rake, formerly an ornament of a society called "The Lively Bachelors." The society is the terror of husbands, and when the members return to Brussels, headed by their captain, Annibal (Mr. F. Mervin) the Baron is humiliated at being forced to confess that he has been for some months past married to Marjolaine. He believes implicitly in the indomitable virtue of his wife; and willingly accepts a wager offered by Annibal, who bets his entire fortune against that of the Baron that within three days the Baroness will be proved unfaithful. The "Lively Bachelors" are invited to stay three days at the Baron's country house, and their ranks are swelled by the accession of a new recruit, Frickel (Mr. Walter Fisher), the foster-brother and boyish lover of Marjolaine. On his return, after an absence of several years, during which he has earned and saved money as a clockmaker, he finds Marjolaine married, and joins the Bachelors with revengeful purposes. In the second act, which passes in the boudoir of the Baroness, some rather strong situations are presented. Attended by her maid Aveline (Miss Rose Cullen) Marjolaine commences undressing for the night, after the fashion of Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo*, but Miss Kate Santley, as Marjolaine, was more merciful than most Zerlinas, and contented herself with taking off her outer robe, and letting down her back hair. With the connivance of the steward, Peterschop (Mr. Beyer), Annibal has caused himself to be brought into the boudoir, concealed in a plate chest, and as soon as Aveline departs, he makes his appearance, and does his best to captivate Marjolaine. She escapes into her bedroom; a noise is heard, and Frickel enters via the balcony, into which he has clambered. Annibal conceals himself, Marjolaine returns, and love is made to her by Frickel, who takes refuge in a closet at the sound of approaching footsteps. Annibal tells Marjolaine that her husband and his guests are coming—as the last minute of the three days has

expired—and avails himself of his knowledge of Frickel's concealment in the closet to terrify her into an acquiescence in his statement that he has won his wager. The Baron enters, radiant in the prospect of victory, but is horrified to find that he has lost, and that his house and fortune have been won by Annibal. In the third act, after the lapse of several weeks, the Baron is obliged to accept the post of cook at Annibal's country house. Marjolaine and Frickel, who appear to have entered into partnership as clockmakers, arrive at the house, and the Baron exhibits a divorce which he has obtained from the Burgomaster! Papal dispensations are not necessary in *opéras-bouffes*? Annibal offers marriage to Marjolaine, who implies that she will become his wife if he will publicly disavow the imputations he had cast upon her. He confesses that she was innocent of blame, and the delighted Baron offers to destroy the act of divorce, but Marjolaine becomes the wife of Frickel, and the opera terminates. In the action and situation, there are passages which are suggestive to those who are in search of indecent ideas, but nothing in the opera approaches the open indelicacy of such works as *Geneviève de Brabant*, although it is not to witness *La Marjolaine* that anyone would willingly take his sisters or daughters.

M. Lecocq's music is bright and tuneful, but is not equal to his setting of *Les Prés St. Gervais*. The trio in the boudoir scene is well written and effective, the finales of the first and second acts are dramatic and well constructed, the choruses are the best things in the work. The duet, "O Happy Days" (Marjolaine and Annibal) is graceful, Marjolaine's song, "Un petit sou?" sung (why?) in the original French, and Frickel's song, "The Belfry Chimes," are melodious, but there is little originality in any part of the vocal music, and it is of the kind which the world will willingly let die. The effect of the work was undoubtedly deteriorated by the use of an Alexandre harmonium in place of oboes, clarionets, and other important wind instruments. The harmonium (supplied by Metzler and Co.) was a remarkably fine instrument of the kind, and was of great service in tutti passages, but no harmonium could give the peculiar *timbre* of those wood wind instruments which M. Lecocq uses with admirable results in his orchestral scores. All the artists exerted themselves zealously; the band, though limited in number, was good in quality, and was ably directed by Mr. A. J. Levy; the new scenery by MM. Gordon and Harford was excellent, the costumes by M. Alias were bright and tasteful, and Mrs. Liston's stage-management merits special praise. The theatre has been newly decorated, and the comfort of visitors has been carefully studied. The opera is preceded by Mr. Merritt's farce, *Chopsticks and Pippins*.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The second concert of the season was given on Saturday last, when the following interesting selection was performed:—

1. Overture, "Anacreon"	Cherubini.
2. Air, "Love in Her Eyes" (<i>Acis and Galatea</i>)	Handel.
3. Vorspiel, "Loreley"	Max Bruch.
(First time in England.)	
4. Air, "With Verdure Clad" (<i>Creation</i>)	Hadyn.
(Her first appearance at these Concerts.)	
5. Concerto for Violin and Orchestra (Op. 26)	Max Bruch.
Senor Sarasate.	
(His first appearance at these Concerts.)	
6. Songs—	
"I will not Grieve" ("Ich Grolle Nicht")	Schumann.
"O Jugend"	Mendelssohn.
Mr. Barton McGuckin.	
7. Symphony, in B flat, No. 9	Haydn.
8. Ave Maria	Cherubini.
Madame Nouvel.	
Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Clinton.	Raff.
9. Violin Solo	Señor Sarasate.
Voyage"	Mendelssohn.
August Manns, Conductor.	

Those who are familiar with the excellent qualities of the Crystal Palace band will readily believe that the two overtures of Cherubini and Mendelssohn were delightfully played. The Haydn symphony was almost equally well rendered, but the adagio was taken at rather too fast a pace, so that the contrast with the succeeding presto finale was less effective than it should have been. The vorspiel (or prelude) to *Lorelei* produced a highly favourable impression. It is a masterly work, exhibiting sustained power from beginning to end. The themes are elegant, and are enhanced in charm by effective orchestration. In one passage happy results were produced by the employment of the strings and wood wind in unison, and in another the violoncellos were allotted a flowing melody which was embellished by piquant accompaniments from the rest of the orchestra. The opera, of which this is the prelude, is founded on the libretto which Mendelssohn began to set, and—if we may judge from the quality of the prelude—would be an acceptable novelty at one of our opera houses. The Violin Concerto, by Max Bruch, is not unknown here, having been played by Joachim, Strauss, and Mdlle. Pommereul. On this occasion the solo violinist was Señor Sarasate, a Spanish artist, who has not been heard in England for some years. He returns to us, an artist of the highest excellence, and his success on Saturday last was triumphant. His bowing is masterly, his tone delicious, his intonation perfect, his executive ability marvellous. His cantabile playing is even more enjoyable than his execution of *tours de force*, and both in this concerto, and in the "Prelude, Minuet, and Moto Perpetuo," by Raff, which he subsequently played, he exhibited artistic qualities of the highest kind, and fully merited the plaudits which he obtained. Madame Nouvel's voice is of fine quality, but needs further cultivation, and for the present she should abstain from attempting to make a shake. Her best effort was made in the "Ave Maria," in which she was powerfully aided by the clarinet obligato, admirably played by Mr. Clinton. Mr. McGuckin does not make such rapid progress in the art of vocalisation as could be wished, and should pay particular attention to the study of articulation.

At the third Saturday concert, to be given this afternoon, a MS. symphony in B flat, by Schubert, will be performed for the first time in public—an announcement which ought to secure a crowded audience. Mdlle. Redeker and Mr. Hilton will be the vocalists, and Señor Sarasate will play the Violin Concerto of Mendelssohn.

At the Royal Academy of Music, a "Students' Chamber Concert" will be given this evening, and some new compositions by students will be produced.

Mr. Seymour Smith's annual concert at St. Mary's College, Peckham, on Monday last, attracted a large audience. Madame Osborne Williams, Miss Matilda Scott, Mr. M. Carter, Theodore Distin, Chaplin Henry, Osborne Williams, and other artists assisted, and Mr. Seymour Smith's descriptive songs were warmly applauded.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company last week completed a successful season at Aberdeen. The *Aberdeen Journal* speaks in high praise of the performance of *Faust*, and of Mr. Turner's impersonation of the title character.

The Rose Hersee Opera Company last week concluded a successful engagement at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool.

THE DRAMA.

WHILE several minor changes at the theatres have to be recorded, the principal dramatic events of the week have been the production of Mr. Byron's new burlesque, *Little Doctor Faust*, at the Gaiety, on Saturday evening, and the resumption on Wednesday, of the afternoon performances at the Aquarium Theatre.

The programme of the third matinée at the Globe last Saturday, consisted of the new comedietta, *£200 a Year*, first produced for Mr. Macklin's benefit the previous Saturday, and in which that rising young artist and Miss Compton act so pleasantly, and *Stolen Kisses*; and in the evening the last performance of Messrs. Hatton and Matthison's successful drama, *Liz*, previous to its transference to the Aquarium Theatre, took place at the Opera Comique.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The sensational drama, *Guinea Gold*, greatly improved by judicious compression and wholesale excision of much of the parts meant to be comic, but which only became wearisome on the first representation, has worked into a fair success; and the two admirably contrived and effective scenes, the inundation of the old house on the Thames' side, and the revolving change from the interior, from which the heroine makes her escape to the garden, are nightly received with rapturous applause. The drama is now followed by a light and amusing farce entitled, *The Colorado Beetle*. This apropos sketch deals with the unhappiness of a pair of youthful lovers, through the obstinate objection of the young lady's father, a farmer and cultivator of potatoes, to her union with the swain she has selected. It is reported that a Colorado beetle has invaded one of his plantations, and the farmer offers the hand of his daughter to him who succeeds in capturing the much-dreaded enemy to his celebrated esculents. In the end the hero gains the prize, and the young lovers are made happy. Mr. Stephens and Miss Illington are excellent as the farmer and his pretty daughter.

AQUARIUM THEATRE.—Miss Virginia Blackwood, who for the last three months has, with her company, been performing here very successfully in *Little Nell*, unfortunately met with a severe accident on Wednesday evening last week, which will incapacitate her from appearing for some little time. *Little Nell* had therefore to be withdrawn, and Mr. Musker's play of *David Garrick*, with Mr. G. Murray Wood in the title rôle, had to be substituted at a brief notice on the last three evenings of the week, the engagement of Miss Blackwood's company terminating on Saturday evening. On Monday Messrs. Hatton and Matthison's successful drama of *Liz; or, That Lass o' Lowrie's* was transferred from the Opera Comique to this theatre. The cast, with the exception of Mr. Matthison himself undertaking one of the minor parts, is the same as before, and includes Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Grey, Messrs. Beveridge, Carton, and J. G. Taylor in their original characters. The play goes much better than before, in its new home, which is better suited for dramas of this description than the Opera Comique. The afternoon performances at this theatre recommended on Wednesday last, when the late T. Robertson's comedy *Breach of Promise* and Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Trial by Jury* were represented by an excellent company, including Misses Brennan, Stanhope, Kate Rivers, Messrs. Fawn, Pearson, Federici, and Kelleher as principals. This programme was repeated daily since, and the afternoon performances will be continued until further notice, as well as the representation of *Liz* in the evenings.

At the National Standard, Mr. T. C. King, the well-known tragedian, after an absence of two years, commenced an engagement, and has appeared during the week as Hamlet and Othello, in conjunction with Mr. James Bennett, Mr. W. Redmond, Miss Kate Neville, &c.

A fresh series of dramatic performances, under the direction of Mr Charles Wyndham, at the Crystal Palace, commenced on Tuesday, when the Olympic drama of *The Serv* was represented, with Mr. Henry Neville in his original part, supported by an efficient cast, including Messrs. Beveridge, Téesdale, Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Carlisle, &c. Tom Taylor's *Still Waters Run Deep* was selected for Thursday, with Mr. Charles Wyndham as John Mildmay, Mr. Standing as Captain Hawkesley, Mr. Collette as Dunbilk, Mr. Ashley as Potter, Mrs. Stirling as Mrs. Sternhold, and Miss Eastlake as Mrs. Mildmay. *The Courier of Lyons* is announced for Tuesday next.

At the German Reed's entertainment, Mr. Burnand and Mr. German Reed's musical comedietta, No. 204, has been revived, and has taken the place of *A Night Surprise* during the week.

To-day, a morning performance of Mr. Gilbert's new farcical-comedy, *Engaged*, will be given at the Haymarket, and the special performance in aid of the Royal General Theatrical Fund will take place at the Globe, under distinguished patronage. We gave last week the interesting programme in detail, and now add the uniquely strong cast of the chief item, Morton's old comedy, *Speed the Plough*:—Sir Abel Handy, Mr. W. Farren; Sir Philip Blandford, Mr. Ryder; Bob Handy, Mr. Charles Warner; Farmer Ashfield, Mr. E. Righton; Morrington, Mr. H. Howe; Gerald, Mr. J. Billington; Evergreen, Mr. J. Clarke; Henry, Mr. W. Terriss; Susan Ashfield, Miss Marie Litton; Miss Blandford, Miss Emma Ritta; Lady Handy, Miss M. Brennan; Dame Ashfield, Mrs. Stephens; while amongst the numerous representatives of ploughboys will be found Messrs. E. Terry, H. Ashley, J. Francis, Lionel Brough, Alfred Bishop, H. Cox, M. Marius, W. J. Hill, David Fisher, jun., H. Paulton, J. G. Taylor, E. J. Odell, J. Bradbury, E. W. Royce, David James, Thomas Thorne, J. Barsby, Clifford Cooper, H. Kemble, Garner, J. Maclean, Fred. Hughes, G. Conquest, S. Calhaem, W. Rignold, Arthur Cecil, and T. Swinbourne.

Mr. Albert West, co-manager with Mr. J. A. Cave, of the Marylebone Theatre, announces his annual benefit for Wednesday next, when he will be assisted by Mrs. Nye Chart, Miss Blanche Wilton, Miss Mabel Hayes, Mdlle. du Maurier, Miss Annie Adams, Messrs. Charles Collette, Frank Hooper, William Holland (lessee of the Surrey), J. A. Cave, and several other popular artists, in addition to his regular company.

On Saturday next, the 27th instant, a day performance of *The Moonstone* will be given at the Olympic, and a special morning performance will take place at the Strand under the patronage of the Lord and Lady Mayoress, in aid of the Indian Famine Fund. In the evening Mr. Alexander Henderson opens the Queen's, under its new title, the National Theatre, with a new drama, called *Russia; or, the Exiles of Angora*, founded on a novel by Prince Lubomirski.

The new Grecian Theatre opens on Monday week, the 29th instant, with a new and original drama, written for the occasion, by Messrs. George Conquest and Henry Pettitt, under the title of *Bound to Succeed; or, a Leaf from the Captain's Log*.

Messrs. James and Thorne will resume their characters in *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville, on Friday week, the 2nd November, when the comedy will reach its 900th consecutive representation.

COURT THEATRE.

The late Lord Lytton's posthumous comedy *The House of Darnley*, which has achieved an undoubted and deserved success at the Court Theatre, is in every respect worthy of the author of *Money*, *Richelieu*, &c., exhibiting as it does some of his defects but in a greater degree his preponderating merits as a skilful dramatist. The diction of the dialogue, colloquial and frequently

didactic in tone, is polished and appropriate, and the cynical philosophy with which it is occasionally tinged is softened by its geniality. Neither the story, which is simple and slight, incidents, of which there are several, very striking and dramatic, nor the personages in the comedy are remarkable for originality, but they acquire all the freshness of novelty from the skilful construction and well contrasted characterisation displayed in the work. Thus, the main action of the story arises from a husband and wife, convinced, on utterly mistaken grounds, of each other's infidelity; separate, and refuse all efforts made to reconcile them, up to the end when this is effected. Again we have the same familiar characters that have often been seen in similar plays of modern life. Darnley, a successful speculator, and head of the banking "House of Darnley," a shrewd man of business, noble, generous, and benevolent in disposition, devotedly fond of and proud of his young wife, Lady Juliet (daughter of a proud but impoverished peer, Lord Fitzhollow), who is extravagant and frivolous, but amiable and sound at heart; Sir Francis Marsden, a libertine baronet, who insidiously tries to undermine the virtue of his cousin Lady Juliet Darnley, who, however, gives him no encouragement beyond utilising him as a "tame cat" and as an escort on her pleasure trips. Then we have Darnley's blunt and outspoken friend Mainwaring, who, has been soured and rendered cynical by early troubles and the disappearance of a dearly loved sister, who had been the victim of a heartless betrayer; and a mysterious "lady" in black, who is wrongly supposed by Lady Juliet to be her husband's mistress, but who eventually turns out to be Mainwaring's unhappy sister, whom Darnley had befriended unknown either to her brother or Lady Juliet, until he could effect a reconciliation between the former and his repentant sister. The story, slight though it be, is rendered deeply interesting and sympathetic by the skill with which it is developed, and with the main action are interwoven several strong dramatic incidents. Of these, the first occurs in the act one, where Lady Juliet, having wilfully persisted in setting out on a picnic excursion, to which Darnley at first mildly objected, but subsequently consented, thinks better of it, gives up her project, and returns to please her indulgent husband. As she re-enters the drawing-room she finds the strange "lady" in confidential conversation with Darnley, and she at once jumps to the conclusion that she has a rival in the affections of her husband. Still finer is the impressive situation in the second act. Darnley unexpectedly entering the drawing-room finds Sir Francis Marsden paying more ardent attention to Lady Juliet than is warranted by their relationship; with calm dignity, Darnley, still confiding in the integrity of his wife, but now convinced of the perfidious designs against his honour of his guest Marsden, exposes, in an improvised parable, the villainy of that scoundrel, and with suppressed emotion departs, leaving the two to reflect on the warning he had implied to the one and in the lesson he had read to the other. Marsden, enraged at his exposure, determines to be revenged on Darnley. He therefore fans the partially-aroused suspicion of her husband's infidelity by informing her that Darnley has taken a villa at St. John's Wood, in which he has installed a mistress, whom he frequently visits. Lady Juliet assures herself of the truth of these facts, by personally calling at the villa, and sees there, the mysterious "lady" whom she had found with her husband in the first act. Unaware of the true position of "the lady" who was merely befriended under the circumstances already alluded to, Lady Juliet believing herself to be outraged, leaves her husband's house, and takes refuge at her father's, determined on having a separation. In the meantime a panic occurs in the city, and the credit of the "House of Darnley" is threatened. In the midst of his manly struggles to stem the torrent of impending ruin, Darnley is nearly overwhelmed by the letter from Lady Juliet, announcing her fixed determination for a separation. Unconscious of having given any cause for such a step, Darnley calls at Lord Fitzhollow's, taking their little daughter with him, in the hope of effecting a reconciliation with the wife whom he so devotedly loved, and in whose fidelity he still confidently trusted, and if unsuccessful to leave their child in her care. Lady Juliet is inexorable, refuses any reconciliation, and the anguished Darnley leaves the room to seek the child, with whom he returns, but is horrified at again finding Sir Francis Marsden kneeling before Lady Juliet. Darnley waits only to hear the illicit avowals of the libertine, but not long enough to hear the scornful and indignant reply of his wife. Mainwaring now appears upon the scene, and rescues Lady Juliet from the insulting importunities of the baronet, who takes his departure. Mainwaring then informs Lady Juliet of the ruin of her husband, which a few thousands might avert. The better feelings of the wife, as well as the true nature of the woman are aroused. Lady Juliet's relentless objections to a reconciliation are removed, and she will not leave her husband in his misfortunes; she will even try to stem over the pecuniary crisis by the sacrifice of her costly jewels, which she hands over to Mainwaring to dispose of for that purpose. Darnley again returns to take a last and sad farewell, and Mainwaring, in triumph, cheerfully informs him that Lady Juliet now ardently desires to be reconciled and to return home with him. To which Darnley impetuously replies "I am weary of this woman," and the curtain drops on the fourth act as Lady Juliet falls in a swoon to the ground. Thus far only was the comedy completed by the late Lord Lytton, and a fifth act, at the special request of the present Lord Lytton, has been written by Mr. Charles Coghlan, who has with remarkable skill and discrimination accomplished a very difficult task. He has contrived a *dénouement* as probable and satisfactory as could well be deduced from the indications of the author in the previous portions of the comedy, with the tone and spirit of which it is quite in accordance. The fortunes of the "House of Darnley" are restored by the unexpected success of a seemingly hopeless speculation. The "lady" once more enters Darnley's library, where all the dramatis personæ are assembled, and turns out to be Mainwaring's sister, who had been betrayed and deserted by Sir Francis Marsden, whom she now recognises and denounces. She also by her explanations proves the groundlessness of mutual jealousies of Darnley and Lady Juliet, who become reunited, and departs to pass her remaining days in a convent to pray for the forgiveness of her brother. Concurrent with the leading story is an amusing sub-plot, in which a staid young lady, Miss Placid, who, under an eccentric will, is entitled to a large fortune, conditionally on her marrying a selfish and greedy young gentleman named Fyske, whom she detests, or being refused by him. To disgust him and bring about the latter result, Miss Placid assumes the airs and manners of a fast and horsey young lady, talks slang, smokes cigarettes, &c., and succeeds in receiving a point blank refusal from Fyske, and is free to transfer her fortune, and bestow her hand upon Mr. Mainwaring, who is more congenial to her taste. We have little space left to descant upon the interpretation of the comedy as fully as it deserves, and must be content, at present, to state that the acting throughout was admirable. Mr. Charles Kelly and Miss Ellen Terry, greatly distinguished themselves in the two leading parts, those of Darnley and Lady Juliet; Mr. Hare gave another elaborately finished portrait of the outspoken Mainwaring, under whose outer cynicism beat a heart overflowing with good nature. Mr. Tetheradge, as the profligate baronet, Sir Francis Marsden,

softened an otherwise repulsive part, by the intelligence and discretion with which he enacted it. Mr. A. Bishop was excellent as the selfish Fyske, and Mr. Catheart as usual gave importance to the small part of Parsons, Darnley's confidential clerk. Miss Amy Roselle played the part of Miss Placid with infinite grace and vivacity, and her delivery of the description of a hunting run, of the order of those of Constance and Lady Gay Spanker, was spirited and of high comedy finish. "The Lady" was represented with quiet grace and gentle pathos by Miss B. Henri. The scenic mounting, for luxurious and elaborate detail, surpassed all previous achievements even at this house.

GAIETY THEATRE.

Mr. Byron's new burlesque, *Little Doctor Faust* (the Gaiety, not the Goethe version), produced here on Saturday night, is a decided triumph for the author, manager, and the exponents. The dialogue, full of Byronic quips, jokes, and puns, new and ancient, raised continuous hilarity. Every musical piece and dance, numerous as both are, were, without a single exception, encored, and the allusions to current events are pointed and humorously introduced. Tumultuous applause and laughter were elicited in the third scene, where a clever travestie of Zazel being projected from the cannon is introduced, Miss Farren imitating to the life the movements and gushing manner of the graceful performer of the Aquarium, and Mr. Terry, in the most ludicrous manner, but equally truthful, imitating the ponderous and sonorous address of Zazel's instructor, Farini, requesting "silence during this part of the performance." The combination of the fairy-like grace, vivacity, and unflagging spirit of Miss Farren as the rejuvenated Dr. Faust, the quaint and ever varying comicality of Mr. E. Terry as Mephistopheles, and the grotesque antics and humour of Mr. Royce as a cowardly Valentine, could not well be surpassed. Miss Kate Vaughan was the daintiest of Margarets, Miss West and Miss Amalia were piquant and sprightly representatives of Siebel and Marta, and all three ladies pleasingly displayed their vocal and graceful terpsichorean abilities in several of the incidental musical pieces and dances. Of the former the most taking are the song, "It's nice," charmingly given by Miss Farren, and a kissing duet, also most agreeably rendered by Miss Farren and Miss Kate Vaughan.

JOHN HIGGINS, CHAMPION SCULLER.

JOHN Higgins, of Shadwell, was born on May 2, 1844, is a coal whipper by trade, and stands 5ft. 7in. in height, and scaled on Monday 10st. 7lb. His first victory of importance was in winning a cup given for a sculler's race for coal whippers in 1873, and some time afterwards won the Coal Whippers' Champion Cup. His first above-bridge match was won for £25 a side, against R. W. Burwood, the winner of Doggett's Coat and Badge of that year, and Higgins won easily by half a dozen lengths. He had a good deal of practice in the early part of 1875, when it was found that he was a sculler of more than average merit. Although unwell, he took part in the Thames Regatta of 1875, and rowed second to Blackman in the race for the sculls. He subsequently easily defeated Anthony Strong, of Barrow-on-Furness, in a race from Putney to Mortlake, on Oct. 19 following, in the then very quick time of 23min 9sec; and soon afterwards beat Cornelius Brian, of Shadwell, very easily, in a scullers' race from Putney to Mortlake. On June 21, 1876, after having been privately tried and found to be an extraordinary fast sculler, he defeated, without any difficulty, Robert Watson Boyd, his present antagonist, in a sculling race over the usual Metropolitan Course for £100 a side; but was unsuccessful in the fours and pairs at the Thames Regatta, in the following August. He was one of the crew that carried off the fours at the International Regatta for Watermen, held at Philadelphia, in September, 1876, but suffered defeat in the pairs. In the fourth heat of the scullers' race at the same regatta a foul occurred between Higgins and Luther, and on his appealing to the umpire that official ordered the two men to row again on the following day; but Higgins declined to start. At the Thames International Regatta in November of last year he was beaten by Blackman in one of the trial heats for the Champion Sculls; the last named having to succumb to Boyd in the final heat. Higgins was also stroke of the four which was beaten by Boyd's Tyne crew in the final heat for the Champion Fours. On May 28 last he was easily beaten by Boyd in a sculling match for the championship over the usual metropolitan course, as mentioned above, having lost fully two lengths at the start, and being unable to scull in the rough water, owing to his being quite flustered at being left so far behind, and also to his having too small a boat. On June 12 following he met Blackman in a scullers' race for £200 a side, from Putney to Mortlake, and, although he was astern as far as Hammersmith, caught Blackman opposite Biffen's, and, as the latter would not let him pass, a foul ensued, in which Higgins's boat was damaged. He then got into a gig, and sculled the remainder of the course, the race being awarded to him on the foul. At the so-called Thames International Regatta last July, with H. Thomas he very easily defeated R. W. Boyd and W. Lumsden in the race for the Champion Pairs, and also succeeded, with three others, in carrying off the Champion Fours. He took part in the race for the Champion Sculls, and was second to Blackman, the winner, but finished six lengths in advance of Boyd, who was placed last for having fouled Blackman during the early part of the race.

THE hunting season in the Southdown country was opened on Saturday, the Brighton Harriers having their first regular meet at the well known Devil's Dyke, about five miles from Brighton. The pack, which had had several successful preliminary spins during the past month or so, was brought up in capital condition by the master, Mr. Dewe, who was supported by a fairly numerous field; the dull weather, however, had some effect upon the attendance. The same cause affected the sport, but a tolerably good day was had. Hares are plentiful in the district, and some good sport is anticipated; but it is proposed to hunt only on Wednesdays and Saturdays, instead of on three days as hitherto. New kennels and a house for the huntsman are in course of erection near the fourth mile-stone on the London-road, at a cost of some £1,500, and Mr. Benett-Stanford, M.P., has contributed £100 to the building fund, which is still open. The Southdown Foxhounds, a very popular pack with visitors to Brighton, which have also had some trial runs, will commence their season shortly, and reports from the country give a good account of the foxes.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES contain no Opium, Morphia nor any violent drug. It is the most effective remedy known to the Medical Profession in the cure of COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS—one Lozenge alone relieves. Dr. J. BRINGLOE, M.R.C.S.L., L.S.A., L.M., writes: July 25, 1877, "Your Lozenges are excellent, and their beneficial effects most reliable; I strongly recommend them." Sold by all Chemists, in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each.—[ADVT.]

CHEAP POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.—Every gentleman who appreciates the luxury of a real Irish linen cambric handkerchief should write to Robinson and Cleaver, Belfast, for samples (post-free) of their gents' fine linen cambric, hemmed for use, at 8s. 1d. per dozen, and their gentlemen's hem-stitched handkerchiefs (now so much worn), beautifully fine, at 12s. 9d. per dozen. By so doing a genuine article (all pure flax) will be secured, and a saving effected of at least 50 per cent.—[ADVT.]

ANOTHER CURE OF INFLAMMATION OF THE THROAT, COUGHS, &c. (this week).—Mr. Heron, 10, Arthur-street, Belfast, writes:—October 11th, 1877. Dr. Locock's PULMONIC WAFERS allayed the inflammation of my throat, relieved the cough, and gave me ease at once." They taste pleasantly. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.



MADAME ST. CLAIR AND MISS LUCAN AS ROMEO AND JULIET, AT THE PARK THEATRE,



SCENES FROM THE NEW PARISIAN DRAMA "LE REGIMENT DU CHAMPAGNE."

1. The Defence of the Standard. 2. The Petit-Jacques giving Roger his mother's ring. 3. Bernard de Pardaillan endeavouring to steal from Nicholas Chevalier the papers relating to Roger's civil status. 4. The old Count of Pardaillan embracing Roger, his natural son. 5. Death of Bernard. 6. Central Medallion: Roger and the Countess Eliane. 7. Count de Pardaillan dying at the battle of Deraïn.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE programme of the performances to be given at Mr. Horace Wigan's benefit, on the 15th of next month, at Drury Lane Theatre, will include selections from *Liz, The Pink Dominos, Henry VIII, Family Ties, The Beggars' Opera, &c.*—*Formosa* is to be revived at the Adelphi.—*Amy Robsart* is to be reproduced at Drury Lane.—Mr. W. A. Burt has been engaged by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as their stage manager.—Miss Wallis (Mrs. John Lancaster), after a two years absence from the stage will re-appear thereon at Manchester on Monday next in the part of Juliet.—Miss Edith Bruce is dangerously ill.—Mr. John Lauri has accepted an engagement as ballet-master at the National Theatre.—A daily contemporary, speaking of Canon Money's bigoted and narrow views on the subject of public amusements, says:—"Canon Money appears to condemn all dramatic performances whatever as inherently vicious and corrupting. It is not the subject-matter of the play which makes it immoral in his eyes, but the mere fact of men and women appearing on the stage together, and under conditions which, he thinks, inevitably tend to promote laxity of manners. Such, at least, is the only meaning we can attach to his reported observations. It is the old Puritan objection over again, but quite different from the rebuke administered to a later generation of critics and playwrights by Jeremy Collier. There can be no doubt that the Comedy of the Restoration deserved the worst that has been said of it. But Prynne, in the reign of Charles I., drew no distinction between the use and the abuse of plays, and we cannot perceive that Canon Money himself draws any. With this extreme view it is almost impossible to argue. It cannot be denied that the profession of an actor or an actress is exposed to many temptations from which other professions are exempt; and those who hold that that objection is sufficient to outweigh all the other advantages which a well-conducted drama carries with it must be left to their own opinion. Every walk in life has its own peculiar temptations—one to dishonesty, another to avarice, a third to hypocrisy—and we do not know that the temptations of the stage are very much worse than these."—A "Canon" writing to the *Standard* on the subject of Canon Money's ideas of Public Amusements, from which he respectfully dissenters, says:—"Theatrical representations are certainly not all of them vicious or mischievous. Many of them, on the contrary, preach the principles of moral and religious duty with as much force, power, pathos, and eloquence as they have ever been preached from the pulpit. This is my deliberate conviction, long felt, and some worthy people may be greatly shocked and scandalised by it; but the time seems to have arrived when a little more plainness of speech upon this question of public amusements might be extremely beneficial."—The *Hornet*, with good reasons for doing so, points out that—"The presence at first nights of people well known to all who look in the photographer's windows, is becoming a most abominable nuisance. Their loud shrill voices and equally noisy manners, and the conduct of the half imbecile and often half-topsy overdressed young men who escort them, distract the attention of those who, unlike these, wish really to see the play. If actors who offend are deservedly hissed, spectators who interrupt should be treated in the same way." But how should we know who was being hissed?—M. Theodore Barrière, the French dramatist, died on Tuesday morning, at the age of fifty-seven, from a cold caught a week ago while talking to a friend in a draught in a corridor of the Northern Railway. When only twenty he wrote a one act comedietta, *The Rosière at Nourrice*, which had a great run at the Théâtre Beaumarchais. He was the author, in quick succession, of many other successful pieces, but he is best known as the author of *Les Faux Bonshommes* and *Les Filles de Marbre*.—Madame Christine Nilsson has left Paris for Russia, to fulfil an engagement of four months. During the Crimean War the Emperor Nicholas ordered his nobles to show themselves at the opera, and there is every reason to believe that a similar air of fictitious brilliancy will be imported into the present season. At the end of her Russian engagement, Madame Nilsson will visit several cities of Germany, Prussia being specially excluded, and she will finish by taking part in the season of Italian opera at Vienna. Hitherto she has sung in Italian, while the other members of the company have replied to her in German, but next year she will sing without this confusion of tongues.—Mr. Morris Aarons, managing agent to Miss Heath's Jane Shore Company, which commenced an engagement at the Brighton Theatre, partook of a hearty meal, whilst apparently in good health, and was resting himself on a sofa previous to going to the theatre, when he was seized with a fit of coughing. Blood spurted from his mouth and nostrils, and before medical assistance could be procured he died. It was found he had ruptured a blood-vessel.—Messrs. Reece and Farnie have written a new play for Miss Wallis, which is to be produced at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, on this day week.—Miss Virginia Blackwood met with a serious accident at the Aquarium, on Thursday week, sustained a slight concussion of the brain, in consequence of a fall; she is unable to resume her professional duties, and probably will remain so for some time to come.—The new Grecian Theatre, will open on Monday week. It is a very ably designed and well constructed building, which will accommodate an audience of 5,000 persons. It has fifteen exits; the staircases are wide, stone, fireproof, and outside the walls; the entrances to the boxes, stalls, and private boxes are entirely distinct, and communicate direct with the street. The stage is one of the largest in London, and is fitted with the most recent and approved mechanical appliances. The designs were made by J. T. Robinson, Esq.; and the builders were the well-known firm of Garraud and Co.; the decorations, designed by H. Spry, were manufactured by Pashley, Newton and Young. The opening piece will be a new drama by Messrs. Conquest and Pettitt, entitled (we hope prophetically) *Bound to Succeed*.—Herr Edouard Devrient, the last surviving of the three celebrated brothers, has just died at Karlsruhe, where he had for many years directed the Grand Ducal Theatre. Born in 1801, at Berlin, he achieved in his earliest manhood great celebrity as an actor, but ultimately devoted himself more closely to stage-management and to theatrical literature, to which he became a much-esteemed contributor.—The Garrick Theatre is again in the market. It was not long since beautifully decorated and embellished—Messrs. James and Thorpe will make their re-appearance in *Our Boys* on its 900th night.—Miss Viola Dacre has taken the Duke's Theatre to produce her play of *Camille*.—The pantomime at the Elephant and Castle Theatre will probably be from the pen of Mr. Fred Marchant.—Mr. Chas. Sullivan, the Hibernian comedian, will commence his provincial tour at Stockton-on-Tees on Monday next, the 22nd inst.—Miss Helen Akhurst has been engaged for Her Majesty's Theatre, Richmond, where Miss Juno intends producing a pantomime founded on "King Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table," from the pen of W. M. Akhurst.—Messrs. Sangers' pantomime will also be written by Mr. W. M. Akhurst.—It is rumoured that a provincial manager intends opening Her Majesty's Theatre with a children's pantomime at Christmas.—Miss Dot Robins commences an engagement with Mr. Harel Becker's opéra-bouffe company. We are pleased to find her father, Mr. Joe Robins, is recovering from his long and serious

illness.—Mr. Mackney having to fulfil long contracted provincial engagements, was compelled to be absent from the Adelphi three nights last week, his place being filled by Mr. Whitlock and Mr. Sidney Franks: both of these gentlemen met with considerable favour from the audience.—Ciprico, the American actor, makes his first appearance at the Surrey Theatre, on this night (Saturday)—Herr and Mrs. Bandmann's performances in Ireland are thoroughly successful.—Mr. Barry Sullivan is drawing immense houses at Bristol.—The Girards are engaged to Mr. F. B. Chatterton for Christmas.—General Tom Thumb and Minnie Warren are playing together at the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco.—Joseph Jefferson, G. F. Rose, and B. L. Farjeon are bound for America.—It is rumoured that Mr. Dion Boucicault has arranged to produce his new comedy of *Marriage* at Her Majesty's Theatre.—The Rev. J. Panton Ham announced four sermons on the drama, to be delivered at the Essex Street Chapel, Strand, on Sunday evenings. The first took place last Sunday on "The Drama and the Theatre." Next Sunday, the Rev. Mr. Ham will lecture on "The Theatre, a Social Fact and Force," and he proposes to follow up the subject by discourses on "The Stage and the Moral and Religious Sentiments of Society," on October 28th, and "The Stage and the State," on November 4th.—In an interesting account of the medical history of the case of the late Mdlle. Titiens, by Dr. Howell, published in the *Lancet*, the following paragraph occurs:—"It is necessary to correct an error which has been repeated in several papers as to our patient having undergone 'painful operations.' She was saved the pain of the principal operation and of each of the tappings by the administration of the bichloride of methylene, and on every occasion her painful symptoms were relieved for a time."—In addition to his previous donation of several thousand pounds towards the Shakespeare Memorial, Mr. Charles C. Flower, of Stratford-on-Avon, has just promised a sum of £4,000 in aid of the same object, provided a similar amount be subscribed by the public before the end of the present year, so as to enable the memorial scheme to be carried out in its entirety, viz., a theatre, library, and picture-gallery.—Mrs. Rousby (says the *Times*) commenced an engagement at St. James's Hall, Liverpool, on Monday in *'Twixt Axe and Crown*, but when visitors went to the hall on Tuesday night they found a notice posted on the door, "Mr. Ware, the lessee, has just received the unexpected news that Mrs. Rousby has, without any apparent cause or reason, left Liverpool this evening for London." Mrs. Rousby has since written in explanation stating that the company and arrangements generally were such as she could not associate herself with without loss of reputation.—Sir Randal Roberts, Bart., having failed lamentably as an actor in London, has been successively trying his hand as actor, novelist, playwright, lecturer, and journalist, has written in the *Shamrock* a curious biography of the well-known bass vocalist, Signor Foli. Sir Randal Roberts says that the artist's parents belonged to the industrial class, and that Foli, who was born in Ireland, emigrated with them while still a child, settling at Hartford, Conn. Here he served his apprenticeship to the trade of a carpenter. He sought out Mr. Burnett, then a professor of singing at Hartford, and asked him to try his voice. Out of his savings John Foley paid for his musical education of four years, studied Italian under a master, and fitted himself for the work he has so successfully achieved. Sir Randal's article concludes with the account of Signor Foli's departure for Europe, bringing with him a letter of introduction to his early patroness, Madame Sainton Dolby, and accompanied by his gentle and affectionate wife, the celebrated professor of vocalism, and lyric authoress, Madame Rosita Foli.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

"THE SCORPION."

SIR,—As an old contributor to your paper, will you kindly permit me to make a personal statement. On an advertisement illustration in a new half-penny comic, the *Scorpion*, some person has appropriated the initial or sign which I sometimes attach to my sketches. This, no doubt, has given rise to the many inquiries I have received, and in answer to which I am proud to be able to say that I am in no way connected with the *Scorpion*.—I am, sir, &c.,

WALLIS MACKAY.

Savage Club, October 17, 1877.

THOMAS LAKE CROMMELIN.

SIR,—I read lately in your interesting journal (copied, I believe, from the *Daily Telegraph*), some short memoirs of the late Thomas Lake Crommelin. Few (as it is there observed) can remember him in his palmy days; but I was one of the number indeed related to him, his father and my mother being sisters' children. Charles Russell Crommelin, the father, only son of the Governor of Bombay, was educated at "the Charterhouse," and went out at an early age to India as a civilian. Here, like many others, he fell into the hands of the Black Merchants, willing under the circumstances to advance any amount of money to the young and inexperienced; and thus, though he held some of the most lucrative appointments in the gift of "the Company," and lived and died in the service, he was never able thoroughly to extricate himself from difficulties. He married, in the first instance, a daughter of Sir Robert Barker, who brought him a large fortune. By her he had five children, two sons and three daughters. His second wife was a Miss Wilkinson, by whom he had a similar number, two of whom—a son and daughter—still survive. Thomas Lake (the fourth child by the second marriage) was adopted by a maternal uncle, a banker in Paris, reared in the lap of luxury, and brought up with the most brilliant expectations. These were, alas! rudely dissipated by the sudden death of this uncle (I believe of heart disease) during a morning call. Thus, at an age when most young men are entering the Universities, or settling down to some regular profession, was poor Tom thrown at once upon his own resources:

The world was all before him where to choose.

He continued to live for some time after his uncle's death with his aunt, who was invariably kind to him, looking upon him in the light of a son, justly proud of his person and abilities. After engaging in some few speculations, which it appears proved illusory, he took at once to book-making and betting by commission, for which his acute judgment and readiness at calculation rendered him eminently suited. His frequent attendance at "Limmer's" made him acquainted with the principal sportsmen of the day, both high and low, from the late Duke of Beaufort and Marquis of Waterford, to those of inferior grade, with all of whom, however, he was a favourite, and who, if referred to, gave him the same general character of unimpeachable integrity. Older by some few years than himself, I can remember pugilism at its zenith, when the contests of Cribb and Molyneux, Gully and Gregson, Spring and Langan, were subjects of constant interest; and the morning papers as eagerly devoured, describing the several rounds fought at Wimbledon Common or Moulsey Hurst, as for the awful battles going on before Plevna at present. Strange as it may appear, but nevertheless true, though he is reported to have been connected with the Prize Ring, I never, to my recollection, heard him refer to it. Felicitous as are the sporting fraternity in general in their soubriquets, that of "Black

Tom" to the hero of this short narrative was most inapplicable. Like his namesake, "Bowling," of maritime celebrity, all who knew him will acknowledge that "his form was of the manliest beauty," his friends, too, "were many and true hearted;" but here I fear the comparison ceases. His manners and address were perfect, a mixture of French refinement with English cordiality and straightforwardness. He was a good shot, first rate with hounds, and renowned as a rider of steeplechases, always buckling his bridle-rein to his waist, in order that he and the animal he rode might not part company under circumstances however grievous. Some of your readers may remember an account of his riding some celebrated horse (I myself forgot his name at this time of day) in the vicinity of Leamington, before an immense concourse of people assembled together. The vicious animal carried him splendidly through "perils of flood and field," and brought him in safety (distancing all competitors) to the last fence, a mere nothing, what indeed a child might easily have jumped over. But here "the villain stopped," and laying his wicked ears flat to his skull, refused to move an inch. Patting, coaxing, and endeavouring to back him over at the risk of a fall, for which his rider had ample time, were vain and useless, Plantela suffering the whole field to gallop past him, and leaving poor Tom not exactly "in his glory." Upon another occasion the fortunate purchase from the widow of some jockey, a very clever mare, that he ran under the name of "The Widow," put him in possession of very considerable stakes, which I was assured at the time (though I would not vouch for its truth) would not only have relieved him from all embarrassments, but have enabled him, with his means, talents, and ability, to have entered into a more creditable and less precarious profession. But no! the excitement of the turf had now become congenial to his nature, and he could not by any possibility be persuaded to give up his truly hazardous engagements. An unhappy alliance, from which (I believe) he was released by law, and other circumstances, induced him to emigrate and endeavour to retrieve his fortunes in another country; there I, in a great measure, lost sight of him, though hearing of him occasionally through friends; but the last photograph I saw of him, taken in Australia, proved that if he ever had been *black* the effects of time had rendered him *white*. Whatever colour he may have been, it was still pleasing to hear that his many accomplishments, pleasing manners, and genial disposition, had procured him fresh, but lasting, friendships wherever he went, and that his talents and integrity were so far recognised that he held, almost to the last, a post under Government, which it is a thousand pities he ever resigned. Older than himself, I still regretted to hear that he had taken, in advanced years, to autobiography. "Invention is so apt to step in when memory fails." The world has small sympathy, too, in the incidents of a gamester's life, be they ever so interesting. He "stakes his life upon a cast," and must in consequence "stand the hazard of the die." Neither can it look at his losses in the same light as more legal and stringent liabilities, however great he may himself believe them to have been. The aged autograph is so apt to become a *laudatoris temporis voto* to identify himself with every scene he has either heard or read of, *fuorem pans magna pied* insensibly weaves itself into his narratives. He is too apt to grow vain, to "fight his battles o'er again." Again, he takes to routing all his foes, and thrice he slays the slain. "Those were days (said the late Regent to the Duke of Rutland) when men could ride, when you and I came down 'the Smite,'" a famous brook in Leicestershire, not always negotiable, but the taking of which was always considered a feat. "We never stopp'd, but skimm'd over it like birds." A low bow from the duke, perchance with some slight twinkle of the eye, was the only response. That he was mixed up in the affairs of poor "Myton," whom I always thought Fitzwalter, and the winding-up of "Halston," I was never aware, though I was aware that he was often summoned from a distance to any sporting disputes, when the experience of a member of the turf or betting school, and the honour and integrity of the gentlemen required a special arbitrator. He was indeed a most splendid vessel, but without sufficient ballast. As you observe, a rare and exceptional instance of "the possibility of a man touching pitch without being defiled." He was, indeed, worthy of far better things, a truth of which no one could be more conscious than himself. But alas! moralise, as I have myself heard him do. He belonged to the number of those who "can sigh, but not recede; conquer, but not relent." He is gone to where the praise or dispraise of the world can affect him nothing; my only object in writing these lines, and which the many who loved him with all his faults, will appreciate, is to acquaint the few who remember him, and the million who read his memoirs, with his early history, and the signal vicissitudes and disadvantages which attended him in youth. No longer seeking to "disclose his merits," or "drag his frailties from their dread abode," all, I am convinced, will agree with me that the results of so much talent and integrity, had they been directed from the first into worthier channels, must indeed have been brilliant.

A CORRESPONDENT.

"THE REGIMENT OF CHAMPAGNE."

OUR engraving represents the principal scenes in the animated and varied drama "Le Régiment de Champagne," written by M. Jules Claretie, and now being performed in Paris. The two principal characters in this piece, Roger and the Countess Eliane occupy the centre of our picture. Captain Roger, whose eyes have at length been opened, and repenting a former amour, throws down at his feet this countess, who besides betraying the king and her friend and benefactress, Madame de Maintenon, had inspired a revolt against France, and had sold to Holland the secrets of the court of Versailles. This principal subject is surrounded by minor episodes. At the left, the little Jacques, a boy brought up by Captain Roger's mother, delivers to the captain a ring, which his mother, on her death-bed, had confided to Jacques for her son. Lower, Bernard de Pardaillan tries to carry off by force from Nicolas Chevalier the papers which prove Roger's estate, and which make it re-enter into his father's fortune to the detriment of Bernard. On the right, the old Count de Pardaillan receives in his arms his natural son, Captain Roger, who has been separated from him from infancy, but now found again. Beneath, the traitor, Bernard, is surprised and slain by his brother Roger whilst carrying to the enemy a plan of the battle. In the upper part of the engraving is represented the defence of the colours at the farm of St. Remy, riddled by the bullets and shells of the enemy, but still defended by a gallant few to the cry of "Vive la France." In the lower part of the picture we see the old Count de Pardaillan dying in his triumph at the glorious battle of Denain.

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OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

It seldom falls to the lot of a comic drama to evoke such diverse critical opinions as have generally been passed upon W. S. Gilbert's new and original piece *Engaged*, at the Hay-

denunciations which have been levelled by critics against what they call the "heartless cynicism" of one of the most riotously humorous, whimsically incongruous, utterly comical burlesques it has ever been my lot to see or read. Indeed, when some of the critics of *Engaged* deduced from its three acts of grotesque drollery awful evidences of a mind diseased, a lacerated heart, more bitterly sceptical of human good than Dean Swift's *savvy indignatio*, more terrible than his against the human race, I protest I was fairly mystified. I went and saw the piece a second time, thinking that perchance upon my first visit I might not have sufficiently studied it to apprehend fully the import of its conception and its dialogue. But my impressions remained the same. I had an extra chuckle or so, perhaps, over one or two touches of grave banter that had previously escaped my notice. But after a careful consideration of the whole case I was quite unable to regard *Engaged* as anything more serious than a whimsical, satirical, exquisitely humorous extravaganza. Where is this bitter, heartless cynicism they talk so much about? I cannot find it. And although I appear before you in the character of a Captious Critic, I am not by any means an individual of misanthropical proclivities. On the contrary, I am, as a rule, inclined to think better of my species than by their general behaviour they warrant one in thinking. Then I believe I also know correctly what the term cynicism means in the drama. To go back in stage history, I think the comedies of Congreve and Wycherley, for example, as diabolically cynical, as they are grossly impure. To come to our own time, I consider the libretti of three-fourths of the French opéras-bouffes which have been translated with sufficient plainness into English, practically and palpably cynical, and they are indecent withal. I may say the same of some Palais Royal pieces, mightily popular

purposely extravagant touch of burlesque, that ought to supply at the very outset, to any intelligent spectator, the key-note of the humour of the farce. Yet I was astonished to find one critic quoting it as an evidence of the author's utter and diabolical heartlessness. "The man who will make a pun will pick a



market Theatre. The fact that this farcical comedy has had the effect of initiating a certain kind of playgoer into the strongest expressions of condemnation, and of arousing in another kind of spectator the liveliest admiration and eulogy is the surest proof that it is an unique and remarkable production.



Cheriot Hill, "the bright blyth curly thing"

For my own part I will say at once that I consider *Engaged* the cleverest comic work that has proceeded from Mr. Gilbert's brilliant pen. Having begun by this admission, I must also confess that I have been altogether puzzled by the serious



A Meeting of the "B G" Club.

amongst us, against which, although they did not escape unblamed, no charge of heartless cynicism has been brought.

I compare Mr. W. S. Gilbert's fanciful farce, *Engaged*, with the productions thus indicated, in all respects. And it seems to me that, while upon artistic grounds it is equal to the best of them; it is less heartlessly cynical than any of them; it is as amusing as the most amusing of them; and it is untainted by a tinge of the indecent suggestiveness upon which all of them, ancient or modern, largely depend for their humour. Therefore I ask again why this talk of diseased minds, deformed imagination, wicked scepticism, sardonic hatred of the entire human race in connection with the new Haymarket piece?

That the satirical vein is characteristic of Gilbert's humour we are all aware. That there lives not a writer for our stage who has such a lively sense of the ironical and incongruous in social customs and ethics few will attempt to deny. But (from my point of view at all events) his cynicism being altogether intellectual and artistic, serves his dramatic purpose excellently, without doing violence to the feelings of the humane, or assisting the sneers of the vicious. It is your sensually cynical writer who does mischief and deserves reprobation. Yet he is generally applauded as a warm-hearted sort of person, whose scoffs at virtue, howsoever devilish, are but the outcome of a full-blooded and hilarious nature.

It is not my habit to detail the plot of any piece that I may discuss in this place. The plot of *Engaged* is very slight and episodic. But the balance of incident in the three acts is carefully preserved, and the episodes of the farce are arranged with artistic skill. When the play opens, the mock seriousness and realism of the events at first deceives the unwary spectator, who is about to prepare himself for domestic comedy. And the sudden surprise that jerks one into a consciousness of the drollery of the burlesque is a shock as exhilarating to an appreciative spectator as the first plunge into cold water is to an early riser. Angus MacAlaster's allusion to his honest calling, which consists chiefly in poaching, but is supplemented by the occasional upsetting of a tourist's train, is a



pocket," remarked the learned lexicographer. The critic in question evidently argues upon equally sound premises, that the comic writer who can make a joke about the upsetting of a railway train must be guilty of something infinitely more criminal than petty larceny. Lord preserve us, we live in grave and parlous times! I cannot dwell at length upon the merits of the ten humorous



Maggie Macfarlane.

characters who compose the dramatis personæ in *Engaged*. They and their amusing vagaries must be seen to be enjoyed. The beautiful Belinda Treherne, who loves her lover with an "irrepressible intensity of devotion," but cannot forget that "business is business," is played by Miss Marion Terry with a sense of humour surprising to those who have only seen her in *ingénue* parts.

Maggie McFarlane, who so solemnly declares that she is a "vera verra beautiful girl, and a verra verra guid girl," is acted capably by Miss Julia Stewart, who brings with her to the London stage a welcome freshness of style, and suits the part admirably. Belvawney "the airy, the sprightly one," has given Mr. Harold Kyre an opportunity of greatly increasing his reputation—an opportunity he has made the most of. Mr. Howe as Mr. Symerson shows a broad and thorough appreciation of the caricature he has to embody. Of Angus MacAlaster, the lowland peasant lad, who so sympathetically announces to Cheviot Hill "the mon's waitin' outside ready to serve the bonnie wrt on ye;" Mr. F. Dewar is an exponent of the character who could not easily be improved upon. As for Mr. George Honey in the leading part of Cheviot Hill, I have only to say that I disagree with those who think that the part requires a light-comedy actor of the Palais Royal de Ficcadilly school. No actor of that school could adequately understand or interpret it. Mr. Honey's appreciation of the true farcical nature of the entire thing is exquisite, and he has added yet another to the distinguished list of comic creations with which his name must always be connected. Miss Emily Thorne as the Lowland Widow is humorous and intelligent. Miss Lucy Buckstone is a pretty Minnie. Miss J. Roselle as Parker and Mr. Weathersby as Major McIllicuddy fill their respective parts well.

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REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

to the Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders, held on the 11th October, 1877, at the Head Office, 37, Old Jewry, London.

The Directors have the pleasure to present their Report on the operations of the 29th financial year of the Society, ending 30th June, 1877.

During the year 5,569 proposals were made to the Society for assuring the sum of £2,271,350 15s. od. Of these proposals 4,003 were accepted for the assurance of £1,852,592 9s. 8d., and policies were issued for that amount. The immediate annuities granted during the year were for £6,823 1s. 1d.

The income derived from premiums, after deducting therefrom the amount paid for Re-assurance, was £406,716 13s. 3d., including £58,409 10s. 7d. in premiums for the first year of assurance.

The balance of the interest account amounted to £100,139 4s. 5d., which, together with the receipts from premiums, raised the income of the Society to £506,855 17s. 8d. for the year. The interest which had become payable, but which had not been received at the date of closing the accounts, is included in the item of "Outstanding Interest" among the assets.

The claims made upon the Society, and admitted during the year under Life Assurance policies, were for an amount of £195,034 2s., of which sum £1,844 13s. 4d. was re-assured, whilst the claims under policies for Endowments, which had reached their term, amounted to £94,073 8s. 1d. The sum of £35,791 6s. 3d. was also paid for the surrender of policies.

After providing for these amounts—for the annuities falling due within the year—for all necessary office expenses, and every other charge on the income of the year, there remained a balance of £93,223 9s. 9d., which augments the fund available for the existing policies of the Society. This fund amounted at the end of the financial year to £2,329,256 17s. 9d., and together with the amount of £67,528 8s. 11d., reserved for the settlement of claims outstanding, for the payment of annuities not applied for, and for other purposes specified in the Balance Sheet, make up a total of £2,396,785 6s. 8d. in realised assets, as shown in the 2nd Schedule.

The £80,000 declared by the Meeting last year as divisible surplus has been duly allotted among the Shareholders and Policyholders of the Society.

The accounts have been duly audited by Mr. G. H. Ladbury, the Public Accountant (a Shareholder of the Society), on the part of the Shareholders; and by the Notary Public, Mr. W. V. Venn (a Policyholder), on behalf of the Policyholders. The whole of the securities and documents representing the realised assets of the Society have been verified, both by the Directors and by the Auditors.

The Directors have bestowed unremitting attention to the investments of the Society, and they have much pleasure in reporting that the funds, as now invested, yield an average rate of 5 per cent. interest.

The Society's new offices in the Poultry are progressing satisfactorily, notwithstanding the prolonged strike amongst the masons.

The Directors have to announce with the expression of their profound grief, the death of their colleague Mr. Alfred Smeet. The Society was indebted to him for the thoughtfulness and skill he brought to bear on its formation. For twenty-eight years he took an active part both in the administration of its affairs, and in the performance of his duties as the Society's Chief Medical Officer. His labours for the Society were unremitting, and in his death the Society has sustained a great loss.

Acting under the powers conferred upon them by the Deed of Settlement, the Board of Directors have elected Mr. William Thorne, a duly qualified shareholder, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Smeet, until the ensuing Ordinary General Meeting. The Directors recommend this appointment for confirmation by the Shareholders.

FIRST SCHEDULE.

Revenue Account of "The Gresham Life Assurance Society," for the year ending 30th June, 1877.

Amount of funds at the beginning of the year ... £2,236,033 8 0

Premiums—

First year £58,409 10 7

Renewals... 351,897 12 10

£410,307 3 5

Less Re-Assurance Premiums ... 3,590 10 2

Consideration for Annuities granted... 406,716 13 3

Interest and dividends ... 57,646 15 6

Profit and Loss Account:

Exchange ... £1,537 1 6

Securities realised ... 761 5 4

Loan charges and Assignment fees ... 29 1 5

2,347 8 3

£2,802,883 9 5

Claims under Policies:

Deaths £195,034 2 0

Endowments 94,073 8 10

£289,107 10 10

Less Re-Assured ... 1,844 13 4

£287,262 17 6

Surrenders ... 35,711 6 3

Annuities ... 25,280 10 0

Commission ... 38,024 14 11

In conclusion, I will say that in my opinion Mr. Gilbert, following out a whimsical but definitely planned humour (a humour which peeped out first conspicuously in *Tom Cobb*), has produced a work that must influence the English comedy in a palpable way. I wish space and time had permitted me to dwell more deliberately upon the figures in *Engaged*. Had the piece originated in America, the English critics would have said: "Behold a new and original humorist who has shown us a style of comic drama hitherto unachieved."

TESTIMONIAL BANQUET TO MR. HENRY FULLER, OF ALDRIDGE'S REPOSITORY, ST. MARTIN'S-LANE.—"A few friends desirous of giving expression to their high esteem, and to mark their great appreciation of his uniform urbanity and courtesy during the many years they have enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance, present to Mr. Henry Fuller this record, together with a purse of £210, at a banquet at Haxell's Exeter Hotel, Strand, on Tuesday, October 16, 1877. James Willing, Esq., in the chair."—So ran the wording of the testimonial, followed by the names of a committee, numbering amongst them the élite of the trade. This munificent gift was supplemented by a present of a massive silver tankard, a mark of respect from Stewart Freeman, Esq., which, when uncovered, and shown to the assembly, invoked a mass of deafening cheers that even reached our quiet offices, situated some little way from the hotel; cheers that were even increased in intensity when charged with three bottles of cham-

pagne of a rare vintage, it circulated as a loving cup to the health of Henry Fuller. There is little to add to this brief epitome of one of the merriest meets of the season. The few speeches, short, telling and to the purpose; the dinner, by particular desire, a plain English affair of the best—no kickshaws; the wines of the rarest vintages "leaving not a rack behind." The dessert was especially good, to which the chairman contributed a handsome addition of hot-house grapes. The party lingered until the small hours, leaving, as Tom Cave said, with no need to "think of their heads in the morning,"—the wines were right. We forgot to mention a pretty specialty in the dessert; some elegant gateaux, with appropriate Shakespearean mottoes; that immediately in front of the guest of the evening being, "I have touched the highest point of my ambition." About 100 gentlemen were present, Mr. W. Sheather being hon. sec. whose exertions were gracefully alluded to by the chairman.

A FAMILY OF Esquimaux is at the Jardin Zoologique d'Acclimatation, A Paris paper says "We have no need to recall to our readers that the Esquimaux live in Greenland, and that they are supposed to be descendants of inhabitants of the British Isles, who, some centuries ago, emigrated to the solitude of the extreme north. Thus there are many common points of origin between a Lord of the House of Commons and these curious people." This is amusing if not startling.

WE learn from the supplement of the *Cape Argus*, bearing date September 18, that "criminal proceedings have been taken against Mr. Geary, the editor and publisher of the *Lantern*, a new journal, for libel against Mr. R. Le Sueur, a director of the Mutual Life Assurance Society."

Expenses of Management:

For the acquisition of New business:

Inspectors, Agency, and

Travelling expenses £15,503 15 9

Advertising ... 7,631 0 10

Medical Fees ... 4,090 12 6

27,225 9 1

General Expenses ... 38,468 5 1

Fiscal Expenses:

Stamps and Income Tax

(English and Foreign) 3,983 7 8

62,677 1 10

Dividends and bonus to shareholders ... 17,085 12 0

Bonus in Cash to Policy-holders ... 504 9 2

Amount of funds at the end of the year,

as per second Schedule 2,329,256 17 9

£2,802,883 9 5

Signed, W. H. THORNTWHAITE, Chairman.

GEORGE TYLER, Director.

EDWARD SULLY, Director.

F. A. CURTIS, Actuary and Secretary.

We have examined the above Statement with the Books of Account, and hereby certify the same to be correct.

Dated this 25th September, 1877.

Signed, G. H. LADBURY, { Auditors.

WILLIAM W. VENN, }

SECOND SCHEDULE.

Balance Sheet of "The Gresham Life Assurance Society," on the 30th June, 1877.

LIABILITIES.

Shareholders' Capital

paid up ... £21,712 0 0

Assurance Fund ... 2,111,047 9 3

Annuity Fund ... 194,461 16 6

Deferred Annuity in Italian Rentes Fund ... 2,035 12 0

Total Funds as per first schedule 2,329,256 17 9

Claims admitted but not paid ... 65,971 0 11

Less Re-Assured ... 400 0 0

65,571 0 11

Annuities outstanding ... 1,648 10 2

Share dividends and bonus not applied for ... 308 17 10

Other accounts ... nil.

£2,396,785 6 8

ASSETS.

Mortgages on Property within the United Kingdom £212,03 11 6

Mortgages on Property out of the United Kingdom nil.

Loans on the Company's policies 194,033 9 7

Investments—

In British Government Securities ... 148,899 11 10

Foreign Government Securities ... 442,715 4 6

Railway Debentures and Debenture Stocks 747,998 7 10

Railway shares (preference and ordinary) 11,660 0 0

House property 292,215 9 1

Loans upon personal security 29,419 4 2

Credit Premiums 45,177 10 11

Advances on Reversionary interests and on deposits of securities 42,848 6 7

Furniture and fittings 7,117 14 9

Stamps and stationery 1,500 0 0

Agents' balances 72,524 8 8

Outstanding premiums 75,166 0 5

Outstanding interest and rent 34,955 19 11

Cash in hand and on Current account 39,415 6 11

£2,396,785 6 8

Signed, W. H. THORNTWHAITE, Chairman.

GEORGE TYLER, Director.

EDWARD SULLY, Director.

F. A. CURTIS, Actuary and Secretary.

We have verified, at the Bank of England, the inscription of the Government funds, in the name of The Gresham Life Assurance Society, and have examined the books, documents, and securities, representing the property contained in this Balance Sheet, and hereby certify the correctness of the same.

Dated this 25th September, 1877.

Signed, G. H. LADBURY, { Auditors.

WILLIAM W. VENN, }

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.

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CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across label.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.

Claims under Policies:

Deaths £195,034 2 0

Endowments 94,073 8 10

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NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
9	10	11	12	13
84s	63s	42s	21s	10s6

FOR THE CONSERVATORY AND OPEN GROUND

NO	NO	NO	NO
14	15	16	17
84s	63s	42s	30s
15s			

FOR PLANTING IN THE OPEN GROUND

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84s	63s	42s	21s
10s6			

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Continuation of MESSRS. TATTERSALL'S and other HORSE AUCTIONS.

DRIED FRUIT (the dam of King-at Arms), 8 years, by Stockwell, dam, Favola, by Orlando; covered by Blue Gown (the winner of the Derby); believed to be in foal.
DUHART, 4 years, by Macaroni, dam, Claret Cup by Claret, grandam, Gramachree (own sister to J. Birdcatcher); covered by King of the Forest; has a colt foal this year by Uncas; believed to be in foal.
MARQUIS DE CAUX, 4 years, by Thormanby, dam, Catherine Hayes; covered by King of the Forest; has a colt foal this year by Macgregor; believed to be in foal.
SWEETEST, 3 years, brown filly by Parmesan, dam, Sweetbriar, by Stockwell (Bumblekite, Géant des Batailles, and Bras des Fers's dam, &c.); covered by Blue Gown; believed to be in foal.
GREEN GOWN, 8 years, by Solon, dam, Toggery, by Dr Ruyter; winner of many races and steeple chases; covered by Macgregor; has a filly foal this year by Uncas; believed to be in foal.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at Newmarket, on the WEDNESDAY in the Houghton Meeting, the following valuable MARES. THE ENTIRE BREEDING STUD, and the STALLION SYLLA, the property of a Gentleman,
1. PRO NIHILO, a bay filly, 2 years old, by Gladiateur out of Happy Wife, by Beadsman out of Mrs. Quickly; unbroke.
2. FORBEARANCE, a chestnut filly, 2 years old, by Gladiateur out of Moonlight, by Y. Melbourne out of Fair Melrose; unbroke.
3. MARIE ANTOINETTE, a brown filly, 3 years old, by Gladiateur out of Margery, by Blair Athol out of Edith, by Newminster; served by Sylla, April 27th.
4. ELEUSIS (own sister to Bethnal Green) a black filly, 4 years old, by Beadsman out of Kalipyre, by Bay Middleton out of Venus; served by Sylla and Clanronald, June 27th.
5. SISTER MARY (1862), by Ellington out of Hersey, by Glaucus out of Hester; served by Sylla, June 6th.
6. BONNIE DOON (1872), sister to Clanronald, by Blair Athol out of Isilia, by Newminster out of Isis, by Slane; served by Sylla, March 22nd.
7. LADY FLORENCE (1869) by Stockwell out of Cross 'Stitch, by Kingston out of Stitch, by Hornsea; served by Queen's Messenger, March 27th.
8. MARGERY (1869), by Blair Athol out of Edith (Scottish Queen's dam), by Newminster; served by King o' Scots June 7th.
9. SCOTTISH QUEEN, 1865 (dam of II Gladiatore, &c.) by Blair Athol out of Edith, by Newminster; served by King o' Scots March 28th.
10. MOONLIGHT, 1870 (dam of Hockerrill, &c.) by Y. Melbourne out of Fair Melrose, by Newminster; served by Prince Charlie April 16th.
11. HATCHMENT, 1865 (dam of King Death, &c.), by Vedette out of Paradigm (dam of Lord Lyon, Achievement, &c.); served by Prince Charlie June 4th.
12. ISILIA, 1861 (dam of Helmet, dean of Westminster, Clanronald), by Newminster out of Isis, by Slane—10, by Taurus; served by Prince Charlie March 27th.
13. HAPPY WIFE, 1863 (own sister to Green-sleeves, winner of Middle Park Plate), by Beadsman out of Mrs. Quickly (dam of Green-sleeves); served by Julius May 15th.
14. A CHESTNUT FILLY by Julius, out of the above; foaled May 5th.
15. A BAY MARE (sister to Summer's Eve), by Stockwell out of Summerside, by West Australian; served by Sylla May 24th, with a bay colt at foot by Sylla; foaled April 28th.
16. DAHLIA (1872), by the Duke out of Datura, by Newminster; served by Julius May 10th.
17. A BAY FILLY, by Julius out of the above; foaled May 10th.
18. LADY LIKE, by Defiance, dam by Barbarian (grandam of St. Francis)—Defiance, by Old England—Vexation (grandam of Blue Gown), by Touchstone—Vat, by Langar—Wire (sister to Whalebone); served by Sylla April 23rd, with a Chestnut Colt at foot; foaled April 13th.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.
TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at Newmarket, on THURSDAY, October 25th, without reserve, the following BROOD MARES, the property of a gentleman:—
1. CAVIRANA, by Longbow or Mountain Deer out of Calvacella, by Birdcatcher; covered by Scottish Chief.
2. BARONESS CLIFDEN (sister to Madam Toto), by Lord Clifden out of Baroness, by Stockwell; covered by Scottish Chief.
3. NIobe (dam of Tantalus), by Loup-Garou out of Miserrama, by Pantaloan; covered by Lord Lyon.
4. GONDOLA, by Weatherbit out of Gaiety, by Touchstone; covered by Lord Lyon.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.
TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at Newmarket, on THURSDAY, October 25th, the property of Mr. G. Lambert. DIAMOND, a chestnut colt, 3 years old, by Lord Clifden out of Gem, by King of Trumps (reserve 150s).
BENJAMIN, a chestnut gelding, 3 years old, by Ben Webster, dam by Stockwell out of Vlie (reserve 150s).
LADY BAKER, a bay filly, 3 years old, by Lecturer out of Nyanza, by King Tom (150s).

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.
TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, in the Park Paddocks, Newmarket, on THURSDAY, October 25th, at Ten o'clock, with engagements, the following valuable YEARLINGS.
COSTERMONGER, a bay colt, by Costa out of Curiosity, by Lord Clifden.
JENNY WREN, a bay filly, by Le Marchal out of Tit, by Y. Birdcatcher out of Tell Tale, by Newminster.
LACE SHAWL, a bay filly, by Cape Flyaway out of Nottingham Lace, by Nottingham out of Fern (Fama's dam).
MOORHEN, a brown filly, by Joskin out of Bittern, by Fisherman, her dam, Village Lass, by Pyrrhus the First out of Maid of Hart, by the Provost.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.
TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at Newmarket, on Thursday, October 25th, the property of a gentleman. HAMPTON, a bay horse, 5 years old, by Lord Clifden out of Lady Langden, by Kettledrum, her dam Haricot, by Mango or Lanercost out of Queen Mary, by Gladiator. In training and fit to run, and likely to make a most valuable stallion.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.
TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at Newmarket, on THURSDAY, October 25th, the property of a Gentleman. FORERUNNER, a bay horse, 4 years old, by The Earl or The Palmer out of Preface, by Stockwell, her dam Prelude, by Touchstone out of Gossamer, by Birdcatcher; in training, and from his good looks, performances, and breeding, likely to make a most valuable stallion.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at Newmarket, in the Houghton Meeting. PELLEGRINO, a bay colt, 3 years old, by The Palmer out of Lady Audley, by Macaroni.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at Newmarket, in the Houghton Meeting, the following thorough-bred YEARLINGS, with their engagements, the property of Mr. William Blenkiron, if not previously disposed of privately.
A BAY COLT by D'Estournel out of Jeu d'Esprit (dam of Feu de Joie, Pasquin, Squib, &c.), by Flattatcher, her dam Extempore, by Emilius.
A BAY COLT, by Saunterer, out of Ribbon (dam of Harmless, The Recruit, &c.), by Kataplan, her dam, Lady Alicia, by Melbourne, grandam by Venison, out of Testy, by Defence; engaged in the Great Foal Stakes, Newmarket, 1879.
A BROWN COLT, by Saunterer, out of Mother Carey's Chicken (dam of Cock a-Hoop, &c.), by De Clare, her dam, Eugenie, by Daniel O'Rourke, grandam, George's dam; engaged in the Great Foal Stakes, Newmarket, 1879.
A CHESTNUT FILLY by Victorious out of Seclusion (dam of Hermit, Chanoinesse, Steppe, Vestal II, &c.), by Tadmor, her dam Miss Sellon by Cowl. Engaged in the Great Foal Stakes, Newmarket, 1879; the Thirty-first Triennial Produce Stakes, Newmarket, 1878; the Twenty-sixth Triennial Produce Stakes at Ascot, 1878; the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York, 1879; Epsom Oaks, &c.

A BAY FILLY by Victorious out of Princess (dam of King Victor, Miss Ethel, &c.), by Promised Land, her dam Vera by Touchstone. Engaged in the Great Foal Stakes, Newmarket, 1879, and the Winchester Foal Stakes at Winchester, 1878.
A BAY FILLY by Parmesan out of Mrs. Wolfe (dam of Lupa), by Newminster, her dam, Lady Tatton, by Sir Tatton Sykes. Engaged in the Great Foal Stakes, Newmarket, 1879.
A BROWN FILLY (sister to The Mite), by Parmesan out of Touch and Go (dam of Dulwich, Billy Pedder, &c.), by Touchstone, her dam, The Darter, by Tearaway. Engaged in the Great Foal Stakes, Newmarket, 1879.
A BAY FILLY (sister to Sophietina), by Brown Bread out of Lady Sophia, by Stockwell, her dam, Frolic, by Touchstone, granddam by The Saddler out of Stays, by Whalebone. Engaged in the Great Foal Stakes, Newmarket, 1879.
A BAY FILLY, by Brown Bread out of Rosalie (dam of Eclair, Dexter Chief, Prairie Flower, &c.), by Wild Dayrell, her dam, Jewess, by Mundig. Engaged in the Great Foal Stakes, Newmarket, 1879.

A BAY FILLY, by Restitution out of Little Coates, by Lambton, her dam, by Ballinkeel out of Dart, by Langor, or Jereed. Engaged in the Great Foal Stakes, Newmarket, 1879.

A BROWN FILLY by Saunterer out of Stockdove, by Stockwell, her dam Beatrice, by Voltigeur, granddam Bribery (dam of St. Albans, Saverne, &c.) Engaged in the Great Foal Stakes, Newmarket, 1879.

To be seen at Park Paddocks, Newmarket, on application to the Groom in charge.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on MONDAY, October 29th, the following HORSES IN TRAINING, and fit to run.
SHIFNAL, aged, by Saccharometer out of Countess Amy.

GILESTONE, 4 years old, by The Earl or Palmer out of Scarf.

ST. DAVID, aged, by Knight of St. Patrick out of Lemonade.

The above are all winners and good jumpers.

A LD RIDGE'S, London: Established 1753.—SALES by AUCTION of HORSES and CARRIAGES on every Wednesday and Saturday, at Eleven o'clock precisely. Stalls should be engaged a week before either sale day. Horses received on Mondays and Thursdays from Nine to Twelve o'clock. Accounts paid on those days only, between ten and four. Cheques forwarded to the country on written request. The Sale on Wednesday next will include 150 Brougham and Phaeton Horses, from jobmasters, with Hacks and Harness Horses, Cobs, and Ponies, from noblemen and gentlemen. New and Second-hand Carriages, Harness, &c. Sales and valuations in town or country.

W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

THE BRIGHTON COACH HORSES.
TO be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, at ALDRIDGE'S, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, London, on WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24th, 1877, without reserve.

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LOTHIAN, Bay Mare, wheeler. Huntress, broke charger, Irish.
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LONDON, BAY GELDING, leader. Excellent trapper.

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CARDINAL, Dun Gelding, leader. Hunted in Ireland last season.

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MERRY GIRL, Black Mare, wheeler. Very fast trotter.

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MEA TH, Brown Mare, leader. Good trapper and huntress, Irish.

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MONARCH, Black Gelding, wheeler and leader. Hunted last season, fast.

HORLEY TEAM.

Chestnut Gelding, wheeler or leader. First class hunter, Irish.

HELEN, Chestnut Mare, hunted in Ireland last season.

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HANDCROSS TEAM.

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HANDCROSS TEAM.

HARDY, Grey Gelding. First class hunter, good fencer, leader, Irish.

HOTHAM, Chestnut Gelding. Hunted in Vale of Aylesbury, and excellent fencer.

BRIGHTON TEAM.

BRIGHTON, Chestnut Gelding. Good wheeler, fast.

BELFAST, Bay Gelding. First class hunter, up to weight.

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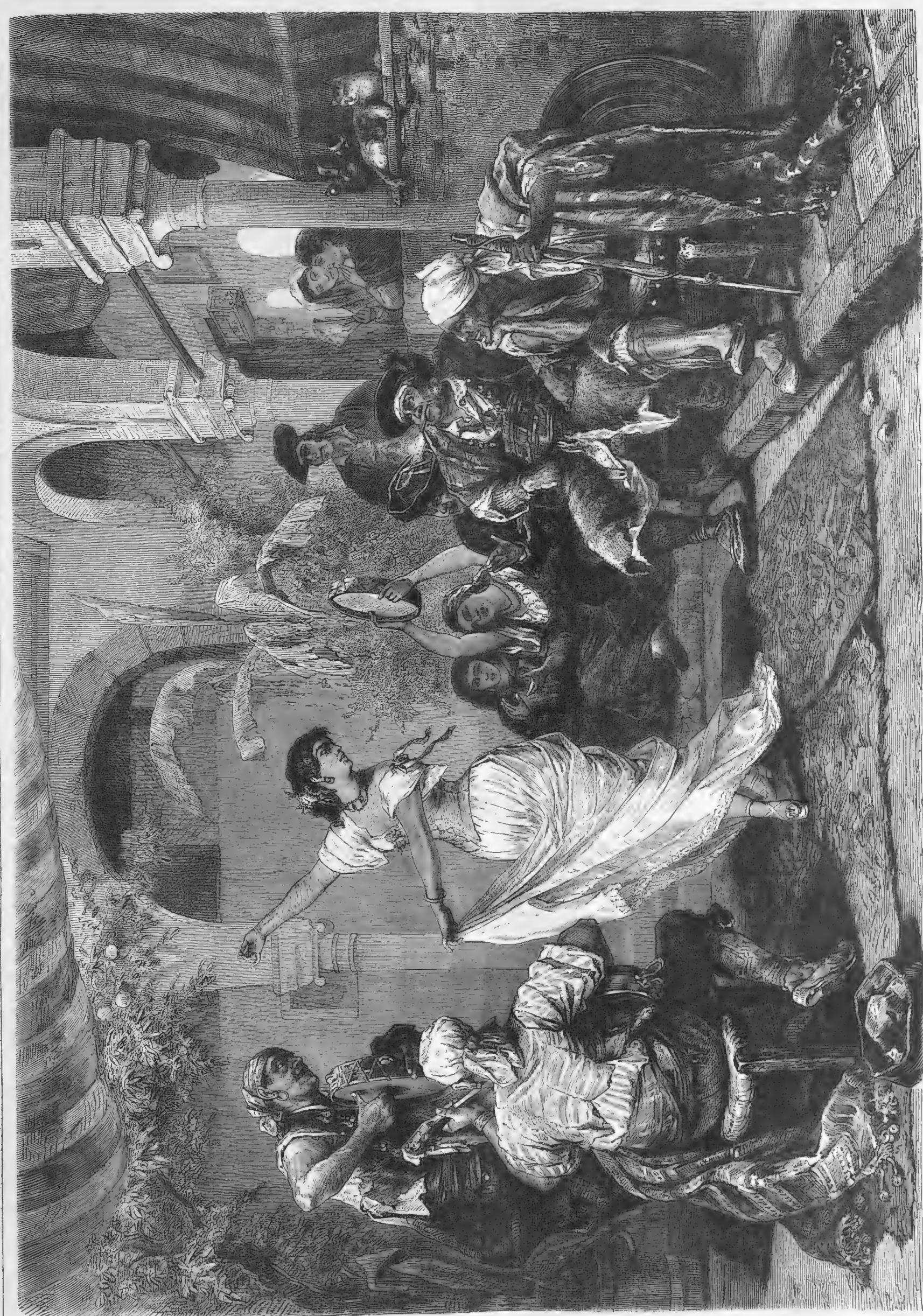
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

W. PARKER.—Mrs. Margaret Woffington did not die upon the stage, but her escape from doing so was a very narrow one. She was playing Rosalind in *As You Like It* for the benefit of Mr. Anderson, at Covent Garden Theatre on the 17th of May, 1757, when ill. She got through the first four acts, but in the fifth grew so much worse that it was with considerable difficulty that she struggled through it. She was speaking the famous playfulepilogue and had reached the words "If I were among you," when her voice grew tremulous, and suddenly screaming out three times "O God!" she became speechless, tottered to the stage door, and was caught while falling, the applause all the time thundering in her ears. A doctor arriving, declared she could not survive the night, but she lingered in a feeble condition for some years, and died in 1760. This was her last appearance on the stage.

GRAN.—Miss Leake was playing at Drury Lane in the April of 1794. C. C.—*Maids and Bachelors* was written by Sir Lumley Skellington. 2. Prince Hoare died at Brighton in December, 1834, aged eighty.

F. MAN.—There is a well-known actress of that name, who has been absent from the stage for many months. We do not know her present address.

W. H.—Thanks for your kindly letter. I reply to your question, Yes.

TURF.

J. W. R. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We are unable to supply the information.

J. W. G. (Wolverhampton).—Want of space prevents our entertaining your offer in the way you desire. At the same time we have to thank you for making it.

A.—Mr. Clifton's "Ninety-three" won the St. Leger of 1793.

J. P.—Vesta had fourteen grey foals.

MISCELLANEOUS.

F. H. L.—1. Mr. W. H. Wieland, Alexandra Palace. 2. We believe so.

W. H. C.—Hungerford Bridge derives its name from Hungerford Market, which occupied the site of the Railway Station at Charing Cross, and which in its turn derived its name from the mansion of the Hungerford family, part of which was afterwards an inn in the market.

AN ACTRESS.—(1.) The title of viscount was not created until Henry VIII's reign. (2.) The tallest Englishmen are, as a rule, found in Yorkshire and Lancashire.

G. S.—(1.) No. Hunton, the quaker, was hanged for forgery in December, 1828. (2.) The punishment of death for burglary was not abolished until 1833.

S. W. D.—The Capercaillie was reintroduced into England by Lord Fife in 1828.

ARTHUR S.—Yes, it is asserted that the Hon. Miss E. St. Leger was made a mason.

N. MELVILLE.—The famous fogs of London undoubtedly used to be far more prevalent than they now are, in consequence of the inferior drainage of low lying marshy lands, and the more numerous pools of stagnant water, open ditches, &c., in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis.

B. J.—Shenstone's ballad of Jemmy Dawson was founded upon actual facts. The lady was one of good family and wealthy. The unfortunate gentleman, James Dawson, suffered a terrible death for high treason on Kennington Common. In an old "History of the Rebellion" we find the following extract from a letter dated from London, on July 31, 1746. The following account, the truth of which may be depended upon, is an undeniable, though melancholy proof, that constancy and tenderness have not altogether forsaken the bosoms of the fair:—A young lady of a good family and handsome fortune had, for some time, extremely loved, and been equally beloved by Mr. James Dawson, one of those unhappy gentlemen who suffered on Kennington Common for high treason, and had been either acquitted, or, after condemnation, found the royal mercy; the day of his enlargement was to have been that of marriage. I will not prolong the narrative by any repetition of what she suffered on sentence having passed on him. None, excepting those incapable of feeling any sort of generous emotion, but may easily conceive her agonies. Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution. She was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her, and accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney coach, accompanied with a gentleman nearly related to her, and a female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart she knew so much devoted to her, and all the other preparations for the fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagances her friends had apprehended. But when all was over, and she found he was no more, she drew her head back into the coach, and crying out: "My dear, I follow thee! I follow thee! Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together!" fell on the neck of her companion and expired on the very moment she was speaking. The excess of grief which the force of her resolution had kept smothered in her breast, it was thought, put a stop to the vital motion and suffocated at once all the animal spirits; but I leave the physicians to account for that. I shall only say the story very much affected me, as I doubt not but it will you, and all who hear it."

VINCENT EAST.—1. The copy is, probably, one executed by Bernard Lens, who died in 1741. He was famous for copying the great masters' works, and particularly excelled in imitating with wonderful exactness the colouring of both Rubens and Vandyck. 2. John Walmsley, the landscape and scene painter, died at Bath, in 1805. He painted at Covent Garden Theatre, and at the Royal Italian Opera House or King's Theatre.

MOORLAND.—In Scotland the term "bracky" is applied to the flesh of sheep suffering from the rot.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1877.

It is curious to note how the fortunes of racing warfare have lately drifted almost entirely in the direction of the South; whereas less than twenty years ago the Northern opposition was as vigorous and dangerous as in the "brave days of old." Since the decease of John Scott, however, the cunning would seem to have departed for a while from the hands of the trainers of Yorkshire, and the magic of their prestige had apparently faded away with faint hopes of its ultimate resuscitation. There was no apparent reason why the disruption of one great stable such as that over which John Scott presided at Whitewall should have been the signal for the temporary decline of other establishments of the same kind, but that such was the case Turf annals abundantly testify, and it has come to pass into a proverb that the great races of the year are as certain to be "farmed by the South," even as in old days John Scott was supposed to hold a patent for training St. Leger winners. There cannot exist a doubt that "centralisation" has done almost as much injury to the Turf as a plethora of racing, and that Newmarket, with its thousands of horses in training, has been a bar to sport rather than an encouragement; the spirit of competition having been diminished by the fact of trainers at headquarters being shy of showing their heads amongst themselves, and not finding many strangers to cut in with them at the home meetings. To make ourselves more clearly understood, we may state that, in our opinion, a multitude of racing quarters, scattered broadcast through the country, are far more likely to produce large fields and keen competition than a congregation of training centres, where each trainer knows his neighbour's form to an ounce, and prefers to keep his good things for something better than the everlasting series of fifty and one hundred pound plates, which make up the "padding" of a Newmarket programme. Following up our argument, it is obvious that, if our premises are well founded, the more that can be found to join in the racing game the better are the prospects of its success; and it is for this reason that we cordially hail the successes recently achieved by sportsmen in the North, who have carried the war into our Southern districts, and taught us that, with good material to work upon, they can as "proudly maintain their right" as in years gone by, when the representatives of Scott, Dawson, and I'Anson were held in wholesome dread by the "proud Southrons," to whom they boldly threw down the racing gauntlet.

The above train of reflections has been started by recent victories achieved at Newmarket by Malton and Middleham, which we trust may not be mere flashes in the pan, but preludes to far more important triumphs in the future. For some time, events have been patiently leading up to a reversal of the accepted order of things, and we have noted with satisfaction a revival in the North, of which the first fruits are only now for the first time apparent. There is no reason whatever to suppose that the climate of Yorkshire has become less adapted for training operations than formerly; and though many sportsmen have shifted their quarters to the South, they may rest assured that they make a mistake in supposing that the fine old county of acres is "played out" in regard to its capabilities for sending forth champions worthy of its ancient renown. Trainers and their charges may have been under a cloud for awhile, but the "silver lining" is at length showing forth most unmistakeably, and we may hope that the long period of depression has given way to brighter prospects, and that Fortune is at length about to make solid amends for her previous neglect of those who have so nobly withstood the storm of adversity.

That the times are fully ripe for such a revival in the North, we may read from divers signs of prosperity apparent in the daily records of racing. The stables with which the names of distinguished horses were identified in the palmy days to which we have incidentally referred, are still for the most part in existence, and many of them under the direction of trainers descended from the celebrities of a past generation. Though Whitewall has remained untenanted since the departure of the ruling spirit who made its reputation, there is still an offshoot of it

remaining at Malton to show that its charter of renown has not yet been effaced, nor will the grand old name, so cherished by past generations, cease to be had in remembrance so long as the sable banner of Bowes, one of its earliest and stanchest patrons, still rallies its followers on the day of battle. "Belted Will" I'Anson has exchanged the active profession of training for the relaxation of breeding, but his mantle has descended upon a bearer of his name well qualified to sustain the family reputation, and the glories of the old Queen Mary blood still live in her descendants, although they may not bear the green and straw belt which has so often shed terror into Southern hearts. The "turquoise and violet sleeve" and the "black and pink" are colours unfamiliar to racegoers of the old school, but they promise in time to become as familiar as the standards of former days, and to pilot a fresh generation of sportsmen to fields of glory, the trophies of which have decorated their ancestors. At Middleham, old Tom Dawson still proffers his ancient snuff-box to friends of every rank and station; and though he may be said to have virtually abdicated in favour of his son-in-law, has still a few charges under his eye. Bates is in command of the "dark blue and silver" brigade, from which sprang the mighty but unfortunate Pretender, to break the long spell of Southern Derby triumphs at Epsom; and he now presides over a string containing buds of high promise in addition to well tried warriors, who have already done good service to the Johnston-Jardine coalition. Hard by the Osbornes have a stable full to overflowing, conducted in that quiet, business-like manner which distinguished "old John," and which now is sedulously imitated by worthy sons of a worthy father. Apology not long since sounded the key note of a racing restoration in these northern latitudes, and the "golden age" is slowly but surely returning on the wheel of time. At Richmond, though the glories of Belle Isle have departed with the last of the Watts, and though the harlequin jacket has been folded away for ever, the star of Zetland is in the ascendant, promising to equal in lustre that which set with the "old Earl," whose connection with Voltigeur and other northern cracks will live as long as by Yorkshire ingles are told tales of her departed worthies. Hambledon, Beverley, and other headquarters of trainers still hold men good at need, stanch and true, biding their time, thoroughly imbued with old county traditions, and making ready for the good time coming, when the North shall "have her ain again."

Thus the outlook is far from discouraging, and already the successes of Hilarious and Beauclerc have given earnest that the boast of a revival is no mere idle talk, but an accomplished fact, only requiring to be followed up and established by a succession of triumphs. It must be admitted on all hands that the sporting world have been losers by the failure of the North to show so bold a front as formerly, and a turn in the tide should be hailed with satisfaction by all true lovers of racing. We venerate Yorkshire as the nursery of racing, and all our most cherished traditions of the Turf have had their origin in its wolds and moors. In these favourite resorts the Genius of the Place has once more fixed his habitation, and we trust it may be long before his influence ceases to be felt in scenes surely not "beloved in vain."

"MORE WAYS THAN ONE," AT THE ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.

We knew that "the new comedy-drama" was far from being a high-class play, and that it could not fairly be called new, having been played at the Victoria and Philharmonic Theatres, as well as in the provinces, but we had privately heard so much said in hearty praise of Miss Ada Alexandra, that we determined to see her. *More Ways than One* is compounded with an ill-constructed silly melodrama and a fairly good music-hall entertainment written for, and exactly fitting, Mr. James Taylor. The incidents are childishly improbable, and the plot—if it may be dignified with such a name—is incapable of awakening the slightest interest in its progress. Mr. Taylor is earnest and clever, but he would take much higher rank in the music hall than we can award him on the stage. Of the rest of his company none are above the average standard of the provincial "walking lady" or "gentleman." But Miss Alexandra is a bright exception, who makes it almost worth one's while to endure for her sake the dreary nonsense of *Simon; or, More Ways than One*. Her quietly humorous and natural acting as the Dutch girl in London brought out peal after peal of genuine laughter and applause, and we can readily conceive her in a better part and a better play making a hit which should bring all London to see her. The scenery is wretchedly bad—we never saw worse. Our artist's sketch, on another page, represents the close of the first act, where Mr. Taylor as the rightful heir to Grey Towers appears disguised as an old Greenwich pensioner to protect the Dutch girl (from the villain who has wrongfully, by the suppression of a will, &c., inherited his property), as she makes off with the bag containing valuable documents which the wicked and drunken old lawyer on the left was on the eve of appropriating.

CELEBRITIES OF THE OPERATIC STAGE.—JUDITH PASTA.

THIS celebrated cantatrice was born in 1798 at Sarrona near Milan. Her first instructor in music was the famous Bartolomeo Lotte, of Como, and when fifteen years of age she was admitted to the Conservatory of Milan, although it was not then considered that she displayed any extraordinary gift in music. In 1815 she played and sang subordinate parts at Leghorn, Parma, and Brescia. In 1816 she visited Paris, and from thence came to London. It was not until after these visits that she devoted herself with complete ardour and perseverance to the study of the profession she had adopted, in which she was destined to attain the greatness which afterwards distinguished her. From London Pasta went to Italy for study, and on her return to the stage in 1819-20 she attracted great attention both at Venice and in Milan. In 1820 her appearance at Verona awakened the greatest enthusiasm and delight, and from that date her fame increased wonderfully, giving her a position on the operatic stage which has scarcely a parallel in its history. From 1824 to 1836 she played alternately in London and Paris, her combined powers of voice and acting creating a complete passion of excitement in both capitals. Her great characters were the *Niobe* of Pacini, *Medea* of Mayer, *Norma* of Bellini (which was composed expressly for her), *Romeo and Juliet* of Zingarelli, *Semiramide* and *Tancredi* of Rossini, and Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*. She retired from the stage finally in 1840, at St. Petersburg, after an absence from it of about four years.

MY FIRST GROUSE.

(Concluded from page 86.)

It was impossible for me to say when the morning dawned on the Thirteenth. The landlord, I presume, knew, for in what appeared to be the middle of the night he was at my door with the announcement that breakfast was ready, and that my friend, the contractor, was already up and about. I hastened out of bed, lighted a candle, and performed my ablutions in a perfunctory manner that contrasted with my usual care over my toilets. When I reached the ground floor, I found the contractor busy with his clerk, and I could hear the tramp along the village streets of the heavy boots, their wearers bound for the railway works. And at the door I saw one of the quaintest old figures ever found out of or in a picture. I shall never forget him; for he did a material service to me.

He had a knotted stick in his hand, and on his back was an ancient game bag, apparently of hareskin, but denuded of almost every vestige of fur. Originally, he must have stood some six feet high, but he was doubled down to about five feet two, and this, added to the most bowed of bow legs that a man could walk with, gave him a truncated appearance. His face was reduced to a narrow arrangement of skin, bone, and cartilage, with just a thin lock or so of grey hair falling from beneath a hat that had once been white, but was now a dull, dirty grey. He wore a napless velveteen coat and corduroy trousers, from beneath which you could see the play of his bones at every movement. There was, however, in his small, wild, blue eyes, plenty of lustre, and his skin had a wholesome, florid colour that many of us might envy.

I will pass over the breakfast and the preparations for our departure. All being ready, and a sturdy "navvy" coming to the door with a couple of dogs, my taciturn friend with the light cart drove up; and gun cases and spare ammunition, with a suggestive hamper, being put into the cart, we rattled along by the moorland road, leaving the "navvy" and the old man I had noticed in the doorway, to take a short cut to our destination, which was a large tract of moor known as Sky Hill.

It was a heavy, clinging mist when we started. It developed into rain as we went on.

"Bad day, I'm afraid," said my friend. "But we must push on."

We pushed on until we reached a disused quarry, where yet there was a wooden shanty or lean-to, with a rough table fixed to the ground by a single upright, and a couple of old boxes once used for quarry tools, but now available for seats. Here we drew up; and the hamper being moved to the shed, and the taciturn driver having made the Cleveland bay comfortable, we filled our flasks and awaited the arrival of the "navvy" and his companion.

"This is our head-quarters," said my friend. When you are tired make for here."

We refreshed the "navvy" and the old man, who drained a measure of whiskey as though it were water, and skirting the hill that sheltered the quarry, began the real business of the day. At more than twenty yards nothing was visible; and, it being my first experience of the moors in the capacity of a sportsman, I began to ask myself "Is this grouse shooting?"

After a long pull up a steep ascent, in which the purple wet heather and the shining grey boulders were all we saw, the old man—I will call him The Skeleton—took complete command of the party. Leaving a track we had pursued, we plunged at once into a rough bit leading to a conical hill. I was on my knees once, and I fancy my friend the contractor had a narrow escape. But fortunately my gun did not go off, or, what with its being at full cock, and my scrambling up with my finger on the trigger, something might have happened that would have led to the railway company advertising for new tenders.

Suddenly there was a note in the heather, a loud whirr of wings, and to the contractor's gun down came one bird for the two barrels.

"First blood!" he said cheerfully, as "aud David"—the skeleton—picked up the bird, and put it in his hareskin.

What induced me, at that moment, to lag behind, I cannot exactly say. I fancy I had an idea that this first successful shot was the beginning of a *battue*, and that the grouse were now all about us, to take deliberate shots at. I rather think the narrow escape the contractor had at my hands, somewhat unnerved me. At any rate, I sat down on a boulder to examine my weapon, and in doing so, off it went.

I then heard a shout from below—my friend and his attendants had apparently descended and skirted the hill—and I was conscious of one of the dogs barking round about in the heather, anxious to realise the results of my prowess.

"Ponto!" I said.

I did not know his name, but thought Ponto would do.

He didn't, and, after advancing and retiring, and running about parallel and at right angles to me, he finally disappeared in the mist.

"Ponto!" I cried again; "Ponto!" The only response was the dull crack in the heavy atmosphere of my friend's gun, followed by a succession of discharges, which proved that he had got into good quarters.

At this moment I was cursed with a chance that would have been a blessing to many a sportsman. Sitting as I was on a boulder, just below the summit of a hill, I was hidden from observation, when a nice little family of three or four grouse, with their anxious parents, plumped down just at what I may call the horizon of the mist, that is, about twenty or thirty yards away. I had replaced my wasted cartridges just in time, and, as these unsuspecting birds alighted, I poured into their direction both barrels. I made no invidious selection, I simply shared my shot amongst them; and in my natural exultation I walked to the spot to see what execution I had done.

After a long search in the heather, I found something flopping about. I captured it, and proudly put it in my bag. It was my first grouse. Then I descended the hill on the side where I hoped to find my friends; and, after some ten minutes anxious walk, I heard a faint whistle. It was very faint, and in the mist I could not, for the life of me, tell from what quarter it came. Alas! I had no whistle to return the signal.

In answer, however, I tried to whistle with two fingers, as I had heard costermongers do in the galleries of the London theatres. But as I had only my natural organ with me, my feeble natural efforts were unheard.

In this extremity I again sat down on a boulder, and took out my first grouse and looked at him. I put him back, and listened. I could just hear an occasional shot, or a "one—two!" But, instead of nearing me, my friend was plainly putting a greater distance between us.

And it came on to rain!—a heavy, solid, drenching rain—that soaked my Norfolk jacket through and through, and made my knickerbockers and hose mere sponges. Presently, in the mist, I found myself descending a hill—whether to the north, south, east or west, I had not the slightest idea—until at length I reached a rough road or causeway, constructed, as I afterwards learnt, to bridge a swamp between the hills, and serve an alum mine.

I never saw, in so limited a range, anything more desolate; but I walked along this causeway, until I descried, with intense satisfaction, a brick shed and a brick chimney in the mist, which

seemed to prove that some human being had once been there, and might be there now.

There was a hill on the far side, I imagined; for the mist prevented me seeing it. I only guessed the fact from some mountain rills that ran into a green, sluggish water skirting the causeway I was walking upon. Gradually the green, sluggish water, after passing under an old brick bridge, was lost in a smooth, level patch of vivid green vegetation, spreading out until thirty or forty yards or so of it were between me and the dilapidated brick shed and brick chimney, which I looked to for succour.

I stepped on to this oozy meadow. It gave way like a sponge at first; but as it scarcely covered my ankles, I proceeded. But the sponge rapidly became a mash, and the mash clung to and held me as in a vice. I tried to retrace my steps, but I sank deeper with the rear foot. The slimy green mess about me chilled me to the marrow.

I was really alarmed, so at the very top of my voice I shouted, "Help! help! Hiloo!" Then I tried to probe for the bottom of the swamp with my gun. I could touch nothing solid.

It was strange that at that moment I recalled to my mind what I had written to my partner, Span, immediately before leaving York, about a shaky customer of ours. It was as follows:—"His going down is merely question of time. Don't listen to appeals for assistance. Issue execution at once, as he is sure to be swamped by somebody if we don't do it."

What would I have given to have changed places with that shaky York customer now!

What happened must be told in the words of a local paper, which more graphically describes my rescue than I could possibly do myself.

LOST ON THE MOORS.—On the 13th of this month, a singular mishap, that might have had a fatal termination, happened on the moors in the neighbourhood of Settle. A gentleman, one of the eminent firm of Span and Co., wholesale brush dealers, of Clerkenwell, whilst in company with Mr. Girderstone, the eminent contractor for the local railway works, strayed from his shooting party, and, in the heavy mist, lost his way, and found himself helpless in one of the swamps or bogs common to the moor country. He struggled for some time in his awful situation, until the indefatigable 'Auld Davie,' a well-known and ancient daleman, hearing cries from, as he calculated at least three miles distance, worked his way to the spot, and rescued the gentleman at the very last point of exhaustion. Auld Davie is seventy-four years of age, can walk thirty miles a day, and carry any man of his own weight a considerable distance without fatigue. It is to his keen sense of hearing, and his knowledge of every tract and turn of the moors, that the London gentleman owes his life. We are, therefore, glad to say that Auld Davie received a five pound note for his pains, and has put the money into the savings bank against, as he said, the calls of an old age that may some day, at some distant date, come upon him."

I afterwards learnt that Auld Davie, who knew every inch of the ground, and travelled it at all times and seasons, had saved several persons before from that swamp.

"You see, sir," he said, "it's a main dangerous plaace, and my advice to gentlemen is always to keep pretty close to each other on the moor, and never to be without a whistle. The last one got in that thaar swaamp, niver coom oot again!—that is, not alive, sir!"

THE TEES TICKLER.

WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

CRAMER & CO., 201, Regent-street, W.—"Arc d'Amour," valse, price 4s. as solo or duet, composed by W. G. Marshall. This work comprises an introduction, three waltz movements, and a coda. The melodies are not remarkable for originality, but the waltzes are "catching," and will be found serviceable in the ball-room.

DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford-street, W.—"Operatic arrangements for four hands," 4s. each, by A. De Lorme. These pianoforte duets deserve recommendation. The operas illustrated are Weber's *Oberon*, Donizetti's *La Favorita*, Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, Bellini's *I Puritani*, Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, and Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. From each of these operas two or three leading melodies are selected, and are cleverly arranged, so that both the treble and bass players have sources of enjoyment and distinction in their respective parts. Thus, from *Oberon* the "Mermaid's Song" and the popular tenor melody are taken; from *La Favorita* the charming *air de ballet* of Act II., the tenor romance "Angiol d'Amor," &c.; from *Fra Diavolo*, the soprano air of the second act, the "Gondolier" Barcarole, "On yonder rock reclining," &c.; from *I Puritani*, "A te o cara," "Vien dilettta" (the stretto of "Qui la voce"), "Suoni la tromba," &c.; from *Il Trovatore*, the "Gipsy Chorus," "Stride la Vampa," "Di quella pira," "Si la stanchezza," and "Ah che la morte;" from *Il Barbiere*, the stretto of "Una voce poco fa," "Largo al factotum," and "Zitti Zitti." To present in the compass of a short pianoforte duet more than a few specimens from an opera would of course be impracticable. In these pianoforte duets the gems of each opera have been furnished, and are so ably treated, as respects arrangement and modulation, that any one of these six works will be found to supply agreeable operatic reminiscences. They are not difficult, and the fingering has been marked where necessary. The idea is good, and further specimens of these "operatic arrangements for four hands" will be welcomed.—"Danse Grotesque," price 3s., "Danse des Bayadères," price 3s., and "Morceau à la Cracovienne," price 3s., are three pianoforte solos of no great pretensions, composed by Mr. Watson. In none of them is there the smallest trace of the inventive faculty, and the "Danse Grotesque," equally with the "Danse des Bayadères," might have borne any other title. Had the first been entitled "An Ugly Dance," for instance, no one could have found fault with the designation, but things that are ugly are not necessarily "grotesque." Mr. Watson's three dance-rhythm solos present opportunities for moderately advanced students to display technical ability, and will probably be useful to teachers.

HOWARD & CO., 28, Great Marlborough-street, W.—"The Footstep at the Gate," song, price 4s., words by W. F. Ellis, music by A. Harvey. A pretty little song, with pleasant verses, and a simple melody,—compass nine notes.—"Bid me Welcome Home," song, price 4s., words by W. F. Ellis, music by B. Tours. The words are uninteresting; the music is melodious, and well harmonised; and as the words are free from amatory sentimentality, the song will probably be welcomed by teachers at ladies' "seminaries."—"Amy," ballad, price 4s., words by W. F. Ellis, music by W. C. Levey. The words are commonplace, the lines do not always bear the test of scansion, and the grammar is faulty, the verb in the third person being governed by a nominative in the second person, as, for instance, in the twice-repeated couplet:

Oh come to me, mine Amy,
Lest thou would (sic) have me die!

Mr. Levey seldom writes indifferent music. In this song he has strung together a number of familiar melodic phrases, quite good enough for the words, but hardly worthy of his reputation.—"The Flow'ret in the Desert" song, price 4s., words by W. F. Ellis, music by W. T. Wrighton. Mr. Ellis does not exact much labour

from his muse; and is content to make his third and fourth lines rhyme. Unshackled by the constraint of poetical custom, which usually requires the first and third lines of each quatrain to rhyme with each other, he has free course for the enunciation of "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," but inspiration appears to be denied him, and his mediocre verses exhibit poverty of thought, unrelieved by elegance of diction. The music is melodic, but both writer and composer treat "diadem" as a tri-syllable, and "diamond" as a dissyllable.—"Loving Eyes" Galop, price 3s., by F. Kessler. Fresh and original, and well adapted to dancing purposes.

J. BATH, 40, Great Marlborough-street, W.—"Bath's Shilling Dance Album" is a wonderfully cheap collection of quadrilles, waltzes, galops, schottisches, &c., by Strauss, Coote, Marriott, and other well-known dance writers. The volume is well engraved on full size paper, with handsome illustrated title page, and under ordinary circumstances would cost twelve shillings instead of twelve pence.—"The Adeline Waltz," price 4s., composed by G. J. Rubini, will be found serviceable for dancing purposes, and also as a pianoforte solo, being graceful, melodious, and well arranged.—"Our Union Jack of Liberty," price 3s., written by C. Gurney, composed by C. H. R. Marriott, is a specimen of the so-called "patriotic" songs, in which it is modestly asserted that

Till sea and earth shall cease to be,
Britannia's sons will e'er defy,
The despots foes of liberty!

Mr. Marriott's music is tuneful, and the chorus at the end of each verse is well harmonised, but it would be well to revise the setting of the last line of the first verse, which at present stands thus: "Bright emblem of; bright emblem of; bright emblem of sweet liberty."—"Our Toast," price 3s., is a convivial song for a bass voice, in which the old "sentiment"

Here's a health to all those who love them who love those

Who love those who love them who love us!
has been sympathetically expanded by Mr. R. Reece, and congenitally set to music by Mr. W. C. Levey.—"The Fountain and the Sunbeam," price 4s., written by H. Hersee, composed by F. Campana. The writer of the words fancifully compares the action of a sunbeam on a fountain to that of hope on the human heart:

Our lonely sorrows, doubts and fears,
Her cheering ray beguiles;
E'en while we weep, our trembling tears
Are changed to rainbow smiles!

Signor Campana's flowing melody is simplicity itself, and the song—which ranges from D below the staff to E, 4th space, will be acceptable in the drawing-room.

WOOD & CO., 3, Great Marlborough-street, W.—"My Sailor Laddie," price 3s., words and music by W. Crawford. In three characteristic verses a Scotch lassie teases and finally consoles her lover. The melody—decidedly Scottish in form—is tuneful and pleasing.—"The Forest Fairy Polka," price 3s., by W. Crawford, is tuneful and easy; within the reach of youthful pianists, for whose guidance the fingering is carefully marked.—"Au Revoir," price 3s., is a Rêverie for pianoforte, by I. Liebich, in which a plaintive theme is treated in various ways, the most effective being that in which it is given to the left hand. An episode enables the composer to display his well-known skill in writing arpeggio passages.—"Sunbeams," price 3s., is No. 1 of the "Popular Melodies," simply arranged for the pianoforte by F. Percival, and is a duet arrangement of the "Blue Danube Waltz." It is well arranged; so as to preserve the best points of the original melody, while the youngest tyros may play it.

MORGAN & CO., 18, Surrey-street, W.C.—"My love loves me dearly," song, price 4s., words by H. Hersee, music by W. Morgan. The leading idea of the song will be found in the lines—

Yes, I know that my love loves me dearly,
Loves me tenderly, truly, sincerely!
My heart is light,
My hopes are bright,
For I know that my love loves me dearly!

The composer, Mr. Wilford Morgan, has sung the song with great success at the recent concerts in the Agricultural Hall and elsewhere. The melody is charming, and full of variety. The compass is moderate (from D to F natural), the song is equally suitable to ladies and gentlemen, and is likely to obtain the popularity which it deserves.

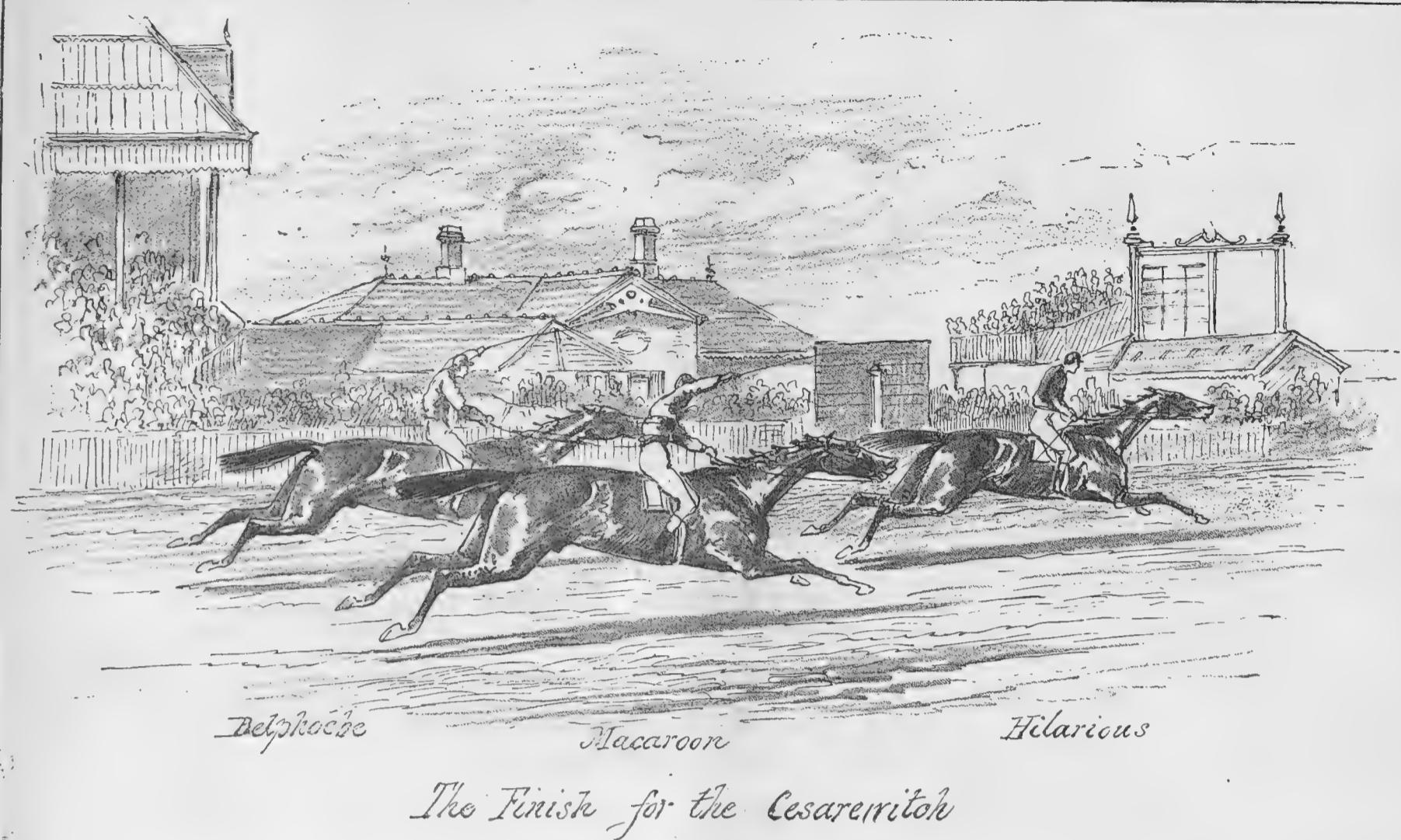
THE BEST RACEHORSE IN AMERICA.

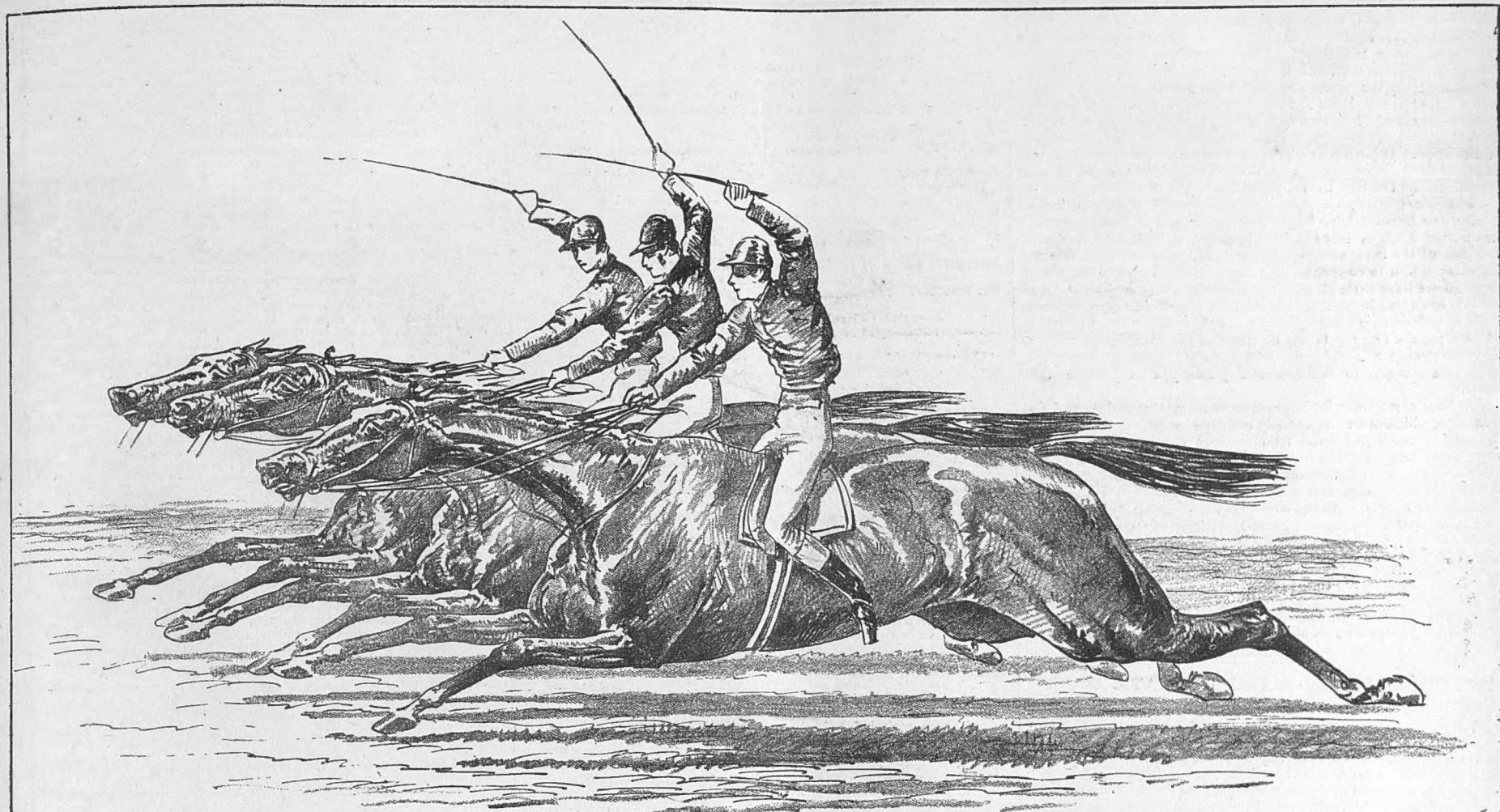
THE following article was last week "held over" in consequence of pressure upon our space. It was intended for publication with our portrait of Tom Ochiltree, the best racehorse in America, drawn for these pages by a well-known American animal painter:

Tom Ochiltree, now five years old, was bred by Mr. A. J. Alexander, of Woodburn Stud, Spring Station, Ky., and was purchased by Mr. John F. Chamberlain as a yearling, who subsequently sold him in his three-year-old form to Mr. Geo. L. Lorillard, his present owner, for 7,500 dols. Tom Ochiltree is by Lexington, dam Katona, by Voucher. He did not appear as a two-year-old, and at first was very unsuccessful on the turf, but, after scoring his first victory, his successes have been numerous and almost unbroken. He first won a mile dash at Baltimore in 1875, with 94lb up; then the Preakness Stakes, one mile and a half, same meeting, 110lb; Annual Stakes, two miles and a furlong, Jerome Park, 110lb; Dixie Stakes, two miles, Baltimore Fall Meeting, 110lb; and closed his three-year-old career by running third to Aristides and Viator for the Breckinridge Stakes at the same meeting, to both of whom he gave 5lb, and was beaten less than a length. He opened the season of 1876 by winning the Baltimore Cup, two miles and a quarter, with 108lb, and then the Jockey Club Handicap at Jerome Park Spring Meeting, two miles, with 123lb up, then the Centennial Stakes, same meeting, two and three-quarter miles, 118lb; the Monmouth Cup at Long Branch, two and a half miles, 118lb; Capitol Stakes same meeting, three miles, 118lb; the Saratoga Cup, at Saratoga, two and a quarter miles, 118lb; the Maturity Stakes, Jerome Park Fall Meeting, three miles, 109lb; the Centennial Cup same meeting, four miles, 118lb. This closed the year 1876. He opened the year 1877 by winning the Baltimore Cup, two miles and a quarter, with 115 up. At same meeting won two mile heats against a field of five in one heat, carrying top-weight. He then won the Westchester Cup, Jerome Park Spring Meeting, two and a quarter miles, 124lb; and on Saturday, June 16, 1877, won Members' Purse, two miles and a half, with 129lb up.

Tom Ochiltree is 16 hands 3in high, and is a horse of great power and speed. Mr. M. H. Sanford endeavoured to purchase him to send him to England in his three year old form, but Mr. Lorillard refused to price him. No horse has had better success upon the American turf in modern times than "the big horse," as he is generally called. The performances of "Ten Broeck" in the West and South, although of the same age, have been under light-weights, while Ochiltree has carried the heaviest weights assigned to any horse of his time.

THE WAR OF THE ROSES.—The destruction of the rose plantations at Kesanlik during the present war is a misfortune to the English public, who are accustomed to the sweet perfume of roses. Fortunately, Messrs. Rowland have laid in a large stock of this exquisite scent, and will continue to use the same choice quality as hitherto in their Macassar Oil, so celebrated during the last eighty years for its beneficial effects on the hair. Sold at usual prices by chemists, &c.—[Advt.]





Dead Heat between "Fair Lyoness", "Inval" & "Tredegar" for Past Sweepstakes.
(Three started.)



W. Burgess
de la

Beaucherc
Middle Park.

Springfield
Champion Stakes.

THE FANDANGO.

AMONGST the ancient Greeks dancing was separated into two kinds—one graceful and poetical, with considerable dignity in its movements, the other displaying a wild, free energy of reckless action or coarse indecency. The higher and more respectable classes danced the first, and the second was only practised by debauchees, or by the coarse and low, in haunts of vice and immorality. The disreputable dances outlived the reputable, and the Spanish Fandango has been traced back to one of those old Greek dances of evil repute which Homer notes in the thirteenth book of his Iliad. It also resembles very closely descriptions of the dance of the Angrismene which was usually performed in wild orgies held by the Greeks and Romans in honour of Venus.

The modern Spanish Fandango is now danced with a degree of dignity and formality, having been deprived of its most repulsive and wilder features since it was known as the *Ciaccona*, and was one of the most voluptuous and indecent dances possible for the imagination to conceive. As we now see it on the stage and in Spain we have little idea of the amount of lasciviousness it is capable of expressing. The Gitanos or professional Gipsy dancers could enlighten us on this point, however, even now, in Spain, and our picture represents one of these tawny beauties on the eve of commencing a Fandango, which would speedily bring the Lord Chamberlain to the rescue if publicly attempted in this country.

The Fandango owes its improvement to the restraints and regulations which were necessarily enforced when it was danced upon the Spanish stage, and its change of character then gave it a degree of respectability to which it owed its subsequent popularity amongst the higher classes of Spanish society. As we now see it danced, although still distinctly voluptuous, it is neither repulsive nor coarse. As the sonorous *castagnettes* beat time and the picturesque attitudes and graceful activity of the dancer move our admiration, we do not quite realise that indignant outburst in which Marino indulged when he wrote—

Oscena danza
Pera il sozzo inventor, che tria noi questa
Introdusse primier barbara usanza.
Chiama questo suo gioco empio e profano
Sarayanda, e Chiaccona, il nuovo Ispano.

THE OFFICERS' DIVISIONAL DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Officers' Divisional Dramatic Club opened the season at Aldershot Camp, on Tuesday evening, the 9th inst., with the comedietta, in one 'act,' by Walter Gordon, Esq., of *Dearest Mamma*, followed by the burlesque operetta of *The Rosebud of Stinging Nettle Farm*, by Henry J. Byron, Esq. The performances of this club last year were such as to place it in the first rank of amateur performances; and when it is understood that the characters are entirely filled by officers and ladies belonging to the Division, it must be acknowledged that a successful performance merits all the praise we can bestow upon it. Bearing in mind, then, previous pleasant evenings spent in the club-house, we looked forward to Tuesday evening with great pleasure. The programme certainly was not an ambitious one, but it was on that account the more likely to be well carried out, and we were, therefore, woefully disappointed to have to undergo one of the slowest evening's entertainments we were ever bored with. Even making all due allowances for amateurs, and for the fact that the principal lady in the piece, Mrs. Orr (Mrs. Breezily Fussell) was taken ill at the last moment and was unable to appear, the first piece was really beneath criticism. The only characters at all presentable were Brower (C. P. Cubitt, Esq., 29th Regiment), and Jones, the servant (F. H. Bridgeman, Esq., A. S. Corps). There was an utter absence of all attempt at stage management, while the prompting was audible in the only part of the house in which it should not have been heard. The ladies, with the exception of Mrs. Bray, who kindly consented at an hour's notice to read Mrs. Breezily Fussell's part, were so evidently novices that it would be impossible to attempt any fair criticism without perhaps wounding their stage feelings. The gentlemen might not be so sensitive, but we cannot usurp the stage manager's place; and this functionary, had there been one, would have had all his work cut out for him in making these gentlemen acquainted with the rudimentary elements of the stage. In Mr. Cubitt there is the making of a good amateur actor. Had he continued to disguise his voice throughout the character (which must go if at all decently played), he would have been more successful, whilst Mr. Bridgeman elicited fair applause by his acting of the little character of Jones the servant. As an interlude, a comic song in character was introduced, with very great satisfaction to the audience, and had the rest of the performance been as good as was "Ah, che' la morte," there would have been nothing to complain of in the evening's entertainment. On inquiry, we were informed that the vocalist is a drum major of the 86th Regiment, —whoever he may have been, we must congratulate him upon the possession of a true vein of comedy and originality. In a London music hall he would make a fortune, and his songs drew loud applause. He was followed by what was termed "an excruciatingly-dramatic burlesque operetta by Henry J. Byron, Esq., called *The Rosebud of Stinging Nettle Farm*." This piece which, with music included, is intended to be played in a quarter of an hour, and was originally written as a sort of piece for sensation dramas for the back drawing-room, was on this occasion spread over three weary quarters of an hour. It was copiously besprinkled with music which had nothing whatever to do with it, and was only saved from utter failure by the exceedingly good singing of Mrs. Nugent, who played the Rosebud. Nothing, however, could save it from dragging its weary length, and we could only laugh to prevent ourselves from dropping off to sleep. Mr. O'Malley, R. H. Arty, decidedly the very worst amateur we have ever been obliged to listen to, attempted to sing a topical song, in which he signally failed, and as this gentleman also took a very prominent part in the first piece, some idea may be formed of the tediousness of the second piece. Mr. Bridgeman, however, somewhat relieved it with average acting, and more than average singing, as Giles Inwood, whilst the best actor in the piece, in our opinion (E. H. FitzHerbert, Esq., 4th K.O.R. Regt.) had the smallest character in it (Gaffer Turmfield), the Rosebud's father. Sir Narcissus Slapdash was enacted by Col. Bray, C.B., 4th Regt., but his acting calls for no special comment either way. Had he been able to dance, and could he have played the castanets in reality, he might have relieved the piece of a portion of its dulness, but he was not. Further praise we cannot honestly give. And now we trust that our remarks, should any of those who performed read them, will not offend. Amateurs must remember that from the moment they take money for their seats they render themselves liable to fair criticism from the press. We would not, however, willingly hurt anyone's feelings, and we feel sure, knowing how large is the division at Aldershot, that there is plenty of available talent in it, which, if brought to the front, would render such criticism as we have felt ourselves obliged to write on this occasion needless. There is one fundamental rule which should never be transgressed, and that is that the stage manager should never be part himself, for the moment he leaves his post his troubles begin, and nothing tells so much for or against as good or bad stage management. We hope on the next occasion to be able to give a better account of this club's doings. Improvement is very necessary throughout.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

(Concluded.)

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11.

Renewal of the BRETBY STAKES of 100 sovs each, h ft, for two-year-old fillies. Bretby Stakes Course (6 fur). 9 subs.

Lord Falmouth's b f Janette by Lord Clifden—Cheviaunce, 8st 10lb F. Archer w.o.

The NEWMARKET OAKS, a sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, 10 ft, with 100 added, for three-year-old fillies, second received 100 sovs; T.M.M. 53 subs.

Lord Falmouth's b f Lady Golightly by King Tom—Lady Coventry, 9st 3lb (inc 7lb ex) F. Archer x

Count de Lagrange's ch f Verdurette, 8st 3lb F. Archer x

Lord Hartington's b f Belphebe, 9st 3lb (inc 7lb ex) J. Goater 3

Also ran: Briglia, 8st 10lb; Helena, 8st 10lb. 6 to 4 agst Belphebe, 11 to 8 each agst Helena and Verdurette. Won in a canter by two lengths, same between second and third.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 added; weight for age, &c.; winner to be sold for £300; T.Y.C. (5 fur 140 yards.) 12 subs.

Mr. Trentham's b f Mirobolante by Macaroni—Curacao, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb C. Wood x

Mr. C. Hibbert's b f Titania II., 2 yrs, 7st 2lb F. Jeffery 2

Mr. R. M. Biddulph's b f Merry Thought, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb (car 8st 9lb) F. Webb 3

Also ran: Haddon, 2 yrs, 7st 5lb; Ravelston, 2 yrs, 7st 5lb; Ayrshire Lass 2 yrs, 7st 2lb; King Clovis, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb; Saurum, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb. 2 to 1 agst Mirobolante, 3 to 1 agst Merry Thought, 7 to 1 each agst Haddon and Titania II., and 8 to 1 agst Ravelston. Won in a canter by a length, three parts of a length between second and third. Sold to Lord Lonsdale for 500 guineas.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs each, h ft, for two year olds; second saved stake; last half of R.M. 6 subs.

Count de Lagrange's br f Miss Royal by Mortemer—Resistance, 8st 12lb (inc 5lb ex) J. Goater 1

Lord Bradford's b f Brenta, 8st 2lb F. Archer 2

Mr. Alexander's b f Meteorolite, 8st 5lb Morbey 3

5 to 2 on Miss Royal, who won in a canter by three-parts of a length; a length between second and third.

The MIDDLE PARK PLATE of 500 sovs, added to 30 sovs each, 20 ft, for two-year-olds; colts, 8st 9lb; fillies and geldings, 8st 6lb; winners extra; second received 200 sovs, and third, 100 sovs; Bretby Stakes Course (6 fur). 162 subs.

Mr. Perkins's br c Beauclerc by Rosicrucian—Bonny Belle, 8st 9lb J. Snowden 1

Duke of Ujest's b c by Scottish Chief—Katie, 8st 9lb Parry 2

Lord Lonsdale's ch f Pilgrimage by The Palmer—Lady Audley, 8st 6lb Hemming 3

Mr. Acton's ch f Equinox by Favonius—Reaction, 8st 6lb Glover 3

Lord Ailesbury's ch f Piacenza by Parmesan—Boundary, 8st 6lb T. Chaloner 0

Mr. Alex. Baltazzi's b c Polestar, by Pero Gomez—Fair Star, 8st 6lb H. Jeffery 0

Prince Bathyan's b f Belle Ange by Julius—St. Angela, 8st 6lb Morris 0

Count de Juigne's b c Jocko b Dollar—Jolette, 8st 9lb Rolfe 0

Mr. Jos. Dawson's ch c Athol Lad by Blair Athol—Eastern Princess, 8st 13lb (inc 4lb ex) Cannon 0

Lord Falmouth's ch f Lady of Mercia by Blair Athol—Lady Coventry, 8st 6lb F. Archer 0

Duke of Hamilton's ch c Wild Darell by Vermout—Wild Agnes, 8st 9lb Lemaire 0

Count F. de Lagrange's bl c Insulaire by Dutch Skater—Green Sleeves, 8st 13lb (inc 4lb ex) J. Goater 0

Count F. de Lagrange's ch f Clementine by Mortemer—Regalia, 8st 13lb (inc 7lb ex) C. Archer 0

Lord Lonsdale's b f Birdie by Macaroni—Molly Carew, 8st 10lb (inc 4lb ex) Custance 0

Count Max Metternich's b c Hansart by Buccaneer—Prologue, 8st 9lb C. Wood 0

Duke of Westminster's b c Maximilian by Macaroni—Duchess, 8st 9lb F. Webb 0

Lord Rosebery's br c Alarcos by The Earl—Alarum, 8st 9lb Constable 0

Duke of St. Albans's b c Gaberlunzie by The Palmer—Lady Dot, 8st 9lb Morbey 0

Mr. James Snarry's b f Tiger Lily by Macaroni—Polly Agnes, 8st 6lb J. Osborne 0

Lord Wilton's b c Censer by See-Saw—Fragrance, 8st 9lb Morgan 0

7 to 4 agst Athol Lad, 5 to 1 agst Beauclerc, 10 to 1 agst Maximilian, 100 to 9 agst Jocko, 100 to 8 agst Lady of Mercia, 100 to 7 each agst Birdie and Alarcos, 20 to 1 agst Tiger Lily, and 25 to 1 agst Polestar. Wild Darell held the lead coming over the Bushes Hill, and was then passed by Beauclerc, the Katie colt and Athol Lad, followed by Lady of Mercia, Pilgrimage, Jocko, and Alarcos, but before reaching the dip, Athol Lad began to roll about, and Beauclerc took up the running, closely attended by the Katie colt. Lady of Mercia "cried a go" in the dip, as did Alarcos, and Jocko, so Pilgrimage took third place, but could never get near the two leaders of whom Beauclerc got decidedly the best of the struggle half-way up the hill, and won by half a length; three lengths between second and third. Lady of Mercia was fourth, Clementine fifth, Athol Lad sixth, Bel Ange seventh, Polestar eighth, Alarcos ninth, Wild Darell tenth, Birdie and Tiger Lily, next, with Maximilian beaten off. Value of the stakes, £3,610.

MATCH: 500 h ft, and a hogshead of claret; R.M. (1 mile 17 yards).

Lord Rosebery's br c Touchet, by Lord Lyon—Lady Audley, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb F. Archer 1

Sir F. Johnstone's b Post Haste, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb T. Cannon 2

6 to 40 on Post Haste, who led to the Abingdon Mile dip, where the pair closed, and Touchet, settling his opponent for speed won by a length.

THE CHAMPION STAKES of 20 sovs each, h ft, with 1,000 added; weight for age, &c.; second received 10 and third 5 per cent. on the whole stake; A.F. (1 mile 2 fur, 73 yards). 263 subs, 43 of whom paid 4 sovs each.

Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b Springfield, by St. Albans—Viridis, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb Cannon 1

Lord Falmouth's b c Silvio, by Blair Athol—Silverhair, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb F. Archer 2

55 to 40 each agst Springfield and Silvio, and 9 to 1 each agst Hesper and Zuccherino. Great Tom came along at his best pace, and was soon clear of Silvio and Springfield, who were in front of Zuccherino, and behind Great Tom were Thunderstone, Hesper, and Midlothian, with Duchess of Cambridge in the extreme rear. As they came to the T.Y.C. winning-post Silvio and Springfield caught Great Tom, who was dead settled, and thereafter the pair came right away, Silvio holding the lead, and Springfield treading on his heels. At the dip Cannon got level, and coming away half-way up the hill, won in a canter by a length; a bad third. Thunderstone, some distance off, was fourth, clear intervals dividing Midlothian, Zuccherino, and Hesper, with Duchess of Cambridge last. Value of the stakes—first, £2,830; second, £313; third, £116 10s.

SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 100 added; winner to be sold for £100; T.Y.C. (5 fur, 140 yards).

Lord Lonsdale's ch c Thunderstone, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb J. Goater 3

Mr. C. Blanton's b f Duchess of Cambridge, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb Hopkins 0

Lord Bradford's ch c Zuccherino, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb F. Archer 0

Duke of Hamilton's b c Midlothian, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb Lemaire 0

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Lord Lonsdale's ch c Thunderstone, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb J. Goater 3

Mr. W. M. Raine's b c Wolferton, 7st 12lb F. Archer 0

Mr. C. Alexander's ch f Boomerang, 7st 10lb Dodge 3

Also ran: Thorough, 8st; and His Reverence, 7st 10lb. 6 to 4 on same between second and third. Bought in for 300 guineas.

THE AUTUMN HANDICAP of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, with 200 added; second received 50 sovs; Bretby Stakes Course. (6 fur.). 53 subs, 34 of whom paid 3 sovs entrance only.

Captain Prime's b h Trappist, by Hermit—Bunch, 5 yrs, 9st 7lb F. Archer 1

Count F. de Lagrange's b c Camembert, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb C. Archer 2

Duke of Hamilton's ch c Lollypop, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb Custance 3

Also ran: The Mandarin, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb; Rifle, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb; Spiegelfliss, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb; Chevron, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb; Hadrian, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb (inc 5lb ex); Nitocris, 3 yrs, 6st. 3 to 1 agst Rifle, 10 to 15 agst The Mandarin and Nitocris, 7 to 2 each agst Trappist and Lollypop, and 8 to 1 each agst Camembert and Hadrian. Won by a head; the same between second and third.

The CAMBRIDGESHIRE TRIAL HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs; Cambridgeshire Course (1 mile 240 yards).

Mr. Acton's ch c Restorative, by Restitution, dam by Parmesan—

Breezes, 3 yrs, 6st Hardinge 1

Mr. Gomm's b c Advance, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb T. Chaloner 2

Sir J. L. Kaye's ch c King Death, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb Constable 3

Also ran: Queen Mary, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb; Bonfire, 3 yrs, 7st; Sir Robert Clifton, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb; Miss Costa, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb. 55 to 20 agst Queen Mary, 7 to 2 agst Advance, 4 to 1 agst King Death, and 5 to 1 agst Restorative. Won by three-parts of a length; a bad third. Queen Mary was fourth, Bonfire fifth, and Sir Robert Clifton last.

The THIRD WELTER HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, with 100 added; Bretby Stakes Course (6 fur.).

Mr. T. Jennings's ch g Ecossais, by Blair Athol—Margery Daw, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb J. Goater 1

Mr. T. Hughes's b c Rowston, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb J. Macdonald 2

Mr. F. Leloue's b g Niger, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb; Newhouse 3

Also ran: Ambergis, 4 yrs, 9st 8lb; Tribune, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb; The Ghost, 3

5 yrs, 8st 11lb; Vril, 6 yrs, 8st 9lb; Kitty Sprightly, 3 yrs, 8st (car 8st 8lb); Joseph, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb; Mirobolante, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb; Baronet, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb; Broadway Swell, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb; Croupier, 3 yrs, 7st; Annette, 3 yrs, 7st 100 to 30 agst Rowston, 11 to 2 agst Annette, 6 to 1 agst Baronet, 100 to 8 each agst Tribune, Broadway Swell, and Croupier, 100 to 7 each agst Mirobolante and Ambergis, and 100 to 6 each agst Vril and Niger. Won half a length; three lengths between second and third.

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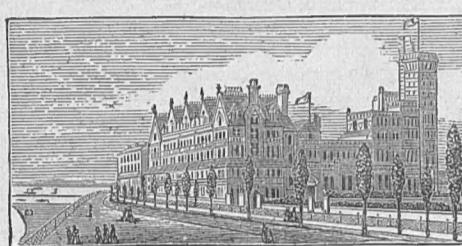
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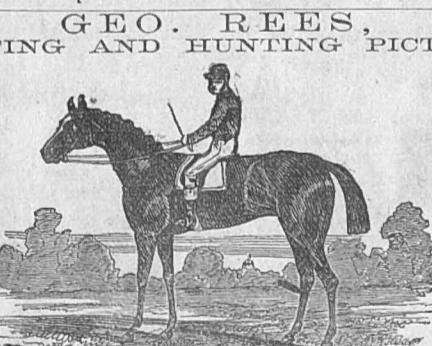
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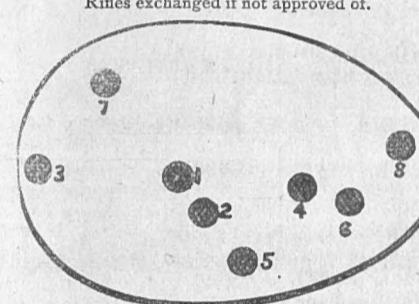
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